

Life

JUNE
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"NOTHING EVER HAPPENS."

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A luxury no man can sensibly spare

THERE is no luxury so worthy and so well-justified as the luxury of Safety. The new Goodyear Double Eagle Tire gives you that luxury in unstinted degree. It is the finest tire the world has ever seen. It is built lavishly of flawless material to the highest standards of the tire-maker's art. Extraordinarily massive, durable, handsome, the Double Eagle is admittedly a better tire than normal use requires. Yet it is precisely this margin of excellence that the thoughtful man will want for the protection of himself and his loved ones. Because tire prices generally are so low now you can buy the Double Eagle for far less than you would naturally expect. Thus your investment in it buys not only magnificent performance but great value.



The **DOUBLE EAGLE** *by*

GOODYEAR



The Convertible Coupe, \$695, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich. Special equipment extra.

Life (we mean the one you live, not the one you read) still holds possibilities of a thrill in automobiles—if you know where to look for it.

Cast your eye, for instance, on the picture at the top of this page.

Sure, it looks like a big car. It *is* a big car. But it is not a big-money car.

It's a Pontiac Economy Straight Eight—so go ahead, look again and let it tempt you. We dare you to drive it (unless you really want to buy a car now).

Economy Straight Eight? Sure—\$585 and up, f. o. b. Pontiac. And operating costs so low that you arrive at the end of a trip with money enough left to get back—if you want to. Or to buy a carton of cigarettes and tooth paste just out of the gas savings.

Seven beautiful models to choose from—each with a particular appeal of its own. All closed bodies have Fisher No Draft Ventilation, which makes summer driving as comfortable as a shady nook. Dealers everywhere. Easy G. M. A. C. terms.

There is a booklet on the subject, too—"What do you mean—Balanced Value." It's free. Get a copy from a dealer, or write Pontiac, Room 15-271, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



A
General
Motors
Value

PONTIAC

THE ECONOMY STRAIGHT EIGHT

FREE advice to Brides!



"HERE'S a way to avoid getting into hot water with your husband. Most husband troubles, like most hot water troubles, are caused by faulty pipes.

"The symptoms of a faulty pipe are black clouds of foul-smelling smoke spreading through the new home like tidal waves.

"No need of it, girls. Get your husband started on Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco in a well-kept pipe, and you'll never have anything but happiness. Neither will he. For this tobacco is a mild, satisfying mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys that delights both sexes. I bring it to you fresh, wrapped in gold foil. Here's a book I've written about keeping a pipe. I might have called it, 'How to Keep a Husband.' It's valuable, and it's free to brides (and everyone else)."

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. O-37



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

Life

JUNE : 1933

—IN THIS ISSUE—

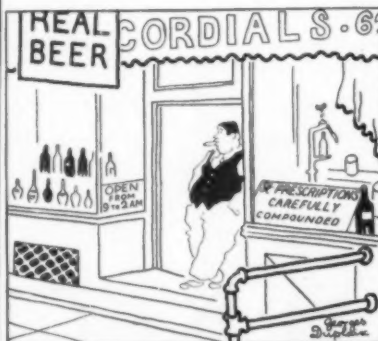
Cover modelled in soap by Lester Gaba for direct color camera

Life's Calendar	4
Dawes Tintype	6
"Some of the People"	7
Sinbad	15
Magazine Merger No. 2	21
From Me to You	25
E. S. Martin	26
Bridge Hand No. 3	28
Books	30
Theatre	34
Queerresponse	36
Movies	38
Fresh Air Fund	40
Trademark Contest	42
Women's Slant	44
Crossword Puzzle	47
Such is Life!	48

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MOOSEHEAD LAKE



Bracing fragrance of balsam firs

Cast off the cares of the bustling city . . . come away, to the clean, cool air of Moosehead Lake, in Maine. At West Outlet Camps, luxurious comfort awaits you, in the heart of the big woods.

For thirty years, this has been the outstanding resort on Moosehead Lake. Meals are delicious, in the famed dining room of the main camp. Your individual log cabin has electric light and private bath, hot and cold running water. Trout and land-locked salmon rise within sight of your door. Write for low rates and Booklet A.

WEST OUTLET CAMPS

WEST OUTLET · MAINE

FRANK A. MACKENZIE

PROPRIETOR

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW

Ball players of opposing clubs musn't be too friendly with one another. On the other hand they also musn't be too pugnacious.—
Orders of major league president.

"HALLAHAN."

"Yes, Manager Casey?"

"I saw you talking to Grogan of the Blue Sox between the first and second innings. What was the big idea? What was it all about?"

"Well, Grogan said he thought it was going to rain."

"Yeah, Hallahan, and what did you say?"

"I said I thought so too."

"Oh, fraternizing with the other side, eh? A fine state of affairs baseball is coming to when you go around agreeing with the players on the other team! Haven't you got any red blood in you? You're fined twenty-five dollars."

"Gee, Manager, I didn't mean any harm. Anyhow, he said he thought it would be a three-day northeaster, and I said I thought it would just be a passing thunder-shower."

"Say, trying to pick a fight with him, were you? Listen here, Hallahan, there's one thing we won't tolerate on this team, and that's rowdism. We expect our players to deport themselves like gentlemen at all times, and if you want a fight you go into the prizefighting game. Hallahan, you're fined fifty dollars for muckerism."

"Fifty more! Holy smoke, Manager, have a heart! I didn't mean any harm. Anyhow, I admitted afterwards that Grogan might be right about its being a northeaster."

"You did, eh? Taking advice from the other team, eh, instead of coming to me? Listen, when you want to know how the weather is going to be, you come to me. Don't go getting chummy with the other team like that. The next thing you won't even have enough fight in you to run out your hits. I've a good mind to fine you another twenty-five."

"Well, I got to Grogan for a homer in the fifth, didn't I?"

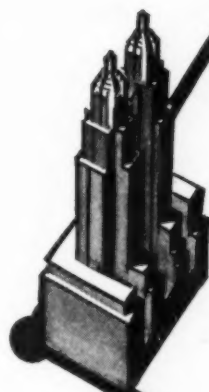
"Yeah, and I meant to warn you about that. That's three you've got off him in this series. Now, I'm telling you, Hallahan, that if you and he get in a fight after that I'll hold you directly responsible."

—Parke Cummings.

The editorial pages of many of our newspapers proclaim that prosperity is returning, but their advertising pages don't.

THE WALDORF ASTORIA

AT THE HEART OF THINGS...



3 MINUTES FROM
GRAND CENTRAL

16 MINUTES FROM
PENNSYLVANIA
STATION

NEXT DOOR TO
FIFTH AVENUE

8 MINUTES FROM
TIMES SQUARE
AND THEATRES

15 MINUTES FROM
WALL STREET

Stop at this new center of social and business New York... on residential Park Avenue... yet but a few minutes from everywhere. Charming home-like rooms. World-famous restaurants. 1933 Rates.

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH STS · NEW YORK

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Adds that certain something to mixed drinks... Beer... Iced Tea... or what have you! Full size 20c bottle for 25c (stamps or coin). Address: Dept. L-6, Box 44, Baltimore, Md.

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PREEMINENCE in Cuisine is the natural, necessary result of serving only the finest. Quality..at prices that demand approval.

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UNION-CASTLE LINE

HAS BEEN THE GREAT ROUTE TO SOUTH AFRICA

Go the preferred way... cross the Atlantic in your favorite Liner... sail *any Friday* from Southampton for Capetown in one of the steamers or motor ships of the Union-Castle fleet. Low rates... favorable exchange.

Literature and full particulars from

UNION-CASTLE LINE

General Passenger Representatives

THOS. COOK & SON

587 Fifth Ave., N.Y. or Local Steamship Agents



PREDICTIONS FOR THE JOYFUL MONTH OF—



SUN.	MON.	TUES.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
				1	2	3
Men born before the 18th are the life of the party and eager to propose—but not always marriage.	Girls born before the 18th are lovely but they like to gossip. Don't let them get anything on you.	People born after the 18th will often give the shirt off their backs for their loved ones and even their relatives.	The birthstone is agate for a long life and the flower honeysuckle for a love that never grows cold.	The first June bride goes back to her mother.	 1 A.M. The first June groom is convinced that his wife's cooking does not agree with him.	The League of Nations takes cod liver oil.
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
 Chancellor Hitler rewards Capt. Goering, Minister Without Portfolio. Buys him a portfolio.	Vice - President Garner says that what this country needs is a good five cent glass of beer.	 King Carol picks his bride for the next fiscal year.	Gala day! Tomorrow Captain Goering will throw his first Jew to the lions.	 Captain Goering's plan to throw Jews to the lions flops. The Jews corrupt the lions.	J. P. Morgan abolishes the Senate.	 Unimpeachable dispatches report millions of starving Russians are dying from overeating.
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Thousands of Italians cheer as Mussolini goes skiing, but he does not break his neck.	 Fifty million college graduates learn that they can not eat diplomas.	Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's press agent, resigns to accept a better offer from Sam Goldwyn.	 Millions continue to pour into Chicago for World's Fair. Bullet-proof vest firms declare extra dividend.	The Government remembers the taxpayer. Reminds him that his second installment is due.	 Scrubwoman wins \$100,000 in sweepstakes. Fifty million new suckers rush to buy sweepstake tickets.	Banks solve their problems by installing soda fountains.
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
 Congressman Fish sits on a tack. Suspects world-wide Communist plot.	Speakeasies re-trench. Cut cops' wages.	 Prosperity special! The wolf leaves the floor of the Stock Exchange and goes back to the door.	Nazi police department changes its motto to "Cherchez l'homme!"	 17,000,000 babies are born in Italy by Mussolini's order. Army called out to keep them quiet.	Rockefeller tips his waiter two dimes. Stocks rocket.	 Hollywood men refuse to wear skirts.
25	26	27	28	29	30	
Bored Stock Exchange traders buy a roulette wheel.	 Tom Mooney decides he would rather stay in jail with the honest man.	Japan explains that she is not fighting a war. She is only shooting bystanders.	 Undercover men resent economy decree ordering them to get out of bed and go to work.	Midyear statements indicate fewer bankers are catching colds from frozen assets.	 Extra! Nazis overthrown! Guillotine rises in Königsplatz one hour after Hitler bans Mickey Mouse.	To be continued next month

—Compiled by José Schorr; Decorated by Albert Viale

What price "Water"?

A NEW HIGH FOR SPARKLE ... A NEW LOW FOR COST

THERE'S a three-way surprise in Canada Dry's new Sparkling Water. *First surprise*—it's priced so low you can't resist it! *Second surprise*—it's in a big 28-ounce bottle ... making anywhere from 5 to 8 tall drinks. *Third surprise*—you can't buy a better carbonated "water" at any price!

There's life in it ... the extra sparkle that comes from Canada Dry's secret process of

pin-point carbonation. Lasting life! The last glass out of the bottle is always just as good as the first. Leave half a bottle. Cap it. Open it the next day. This "water" will still bubble gaily! A treat any time as a table water. And it's simply uncanny the way it mixes.

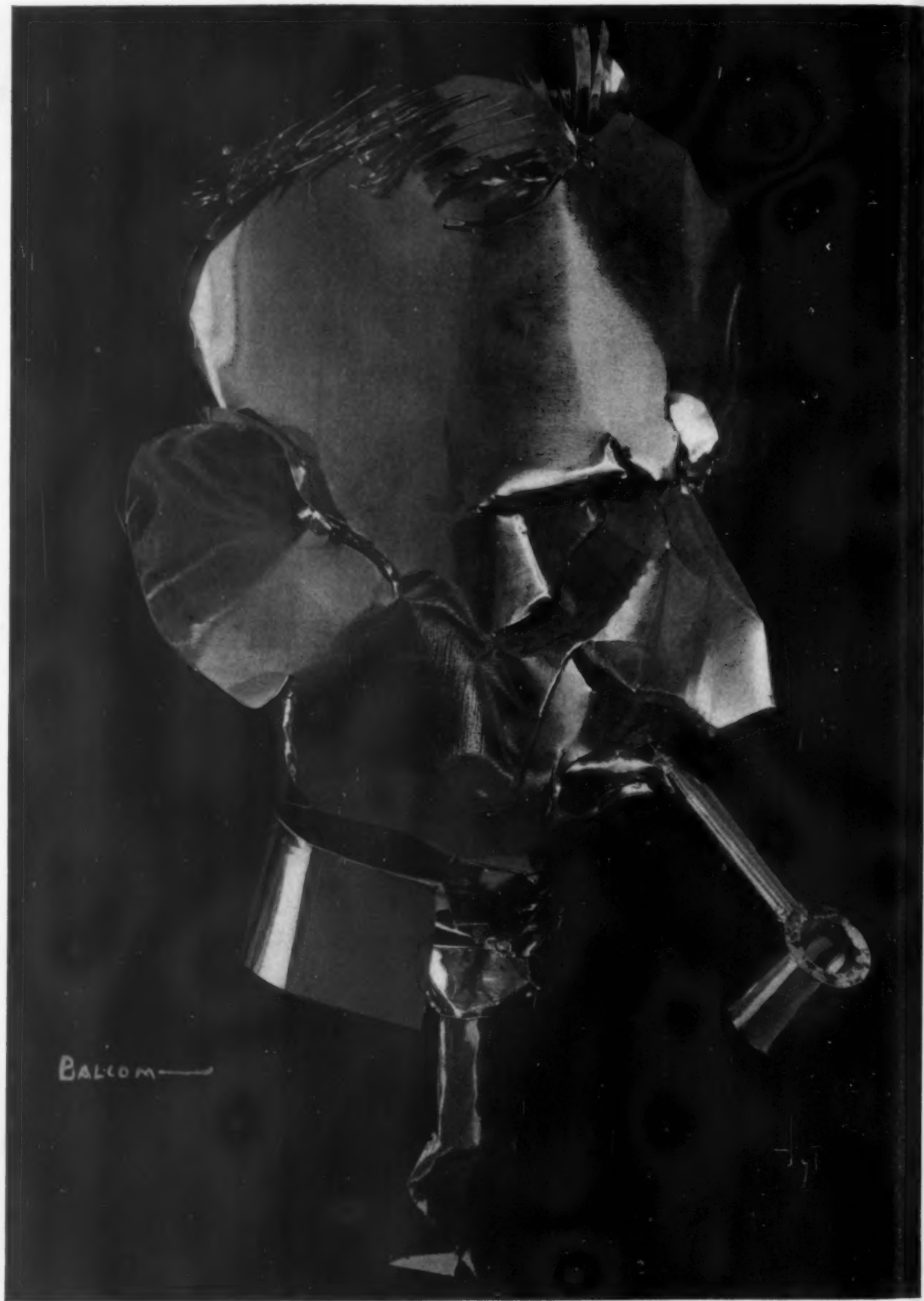
A FULL 28-OUNCE BOTTLE, ONLY 20c ... PLUS 5c BOTTLE DEPOSIT

Priced slightly higher in a few territories where freight rates do not permit return of bottles.



CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER

© 1933



*"To hell with troublemakers!"—Gen. Charles G. Dawes.
[Brother Rufus may find a dearth of school marms at his World's Fair.]*

—Tintype by Tony Balcom



JUNE, 1933

FIFTIETH YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Own Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

Fair Statistics **NOW THAT** the World's Fair has at last opened in Chicago, we may expect a new set of statistics in the papers. It will be a relief, tired as we are of reading stock quotations, bank balances, foreign debt totals, and the number of coffee beans imported from Brazil during the fiscal year. If, as has been predicted, 92,000,000 people visit the World's Fair it is reasonable to suppose that at least some of the statistics listed below will prove themselves. For instance:

The hot dog industry will dispose of 276,000,000 hot dogs.

Bakeries will turn out 275,900,000 extra rolls. (In many cases the rolls will give out, and customers will eat the hot dogs between slices of bread, or raw.)

460,000 small children will be lost.

60,000 adolescents will get sick at

their stomachs riding on ferris wheels.

Concessionaires will sell 167,000,000 useless souvenirs that will finally be thrown out of the nation's homes by Christmas, 1934.

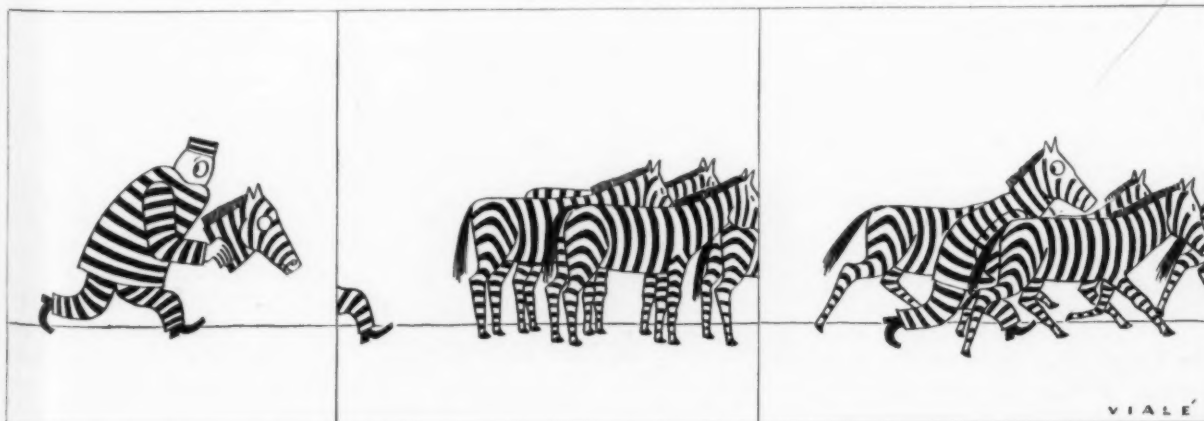
And so on.

We're all for it. Anything that will take our minds off our own troubles is worth boosting. We wish everybody, from Mr. Rufus Dawes down, all success.

Builder Uppers **DO YOU** —and you— know that you can walk into a drugstore, get excellent port or sherry at a reasonable price, and still be within the law? All right, listen. By a special dispensation of Providence and the effective Washington lobbying of La Mabel Walker Willebrandt, five-year-old wines from the best Calif vineyards are being sold under the thinnest camouflage. You need no prescription or drag, and there is no calcium salt or iron to give the drink an unpalatable taste.

It's all a matter of names and labels, like so many other things in this glorious country. Sherry is known now as Formula No. 6 [S-h-e-r-r-y—catch on?] and port is known as Formula No. 4 [P-o-r-t—get it?]. They're both sold as tonics and distributed nationally by the Fruit Industries, Ltd. The wholesale price is about \$3.50 a gallon, and the retail charge is from \$6.00 to \$7.00 depending upon your druggist's bookkeeping system. The label, naturally, doesn't mention that dread word Wine, but it does contain such medical phraseology as:

Vitaminized A B C and D. Formula No. 6. Mineralized. Contains, in easily assimilable form the elementary minerals needed for the up-building of the system, vitaminized with the health-promoting vitamins A B C and D. Alcohol Not Over 22%. Conadwel Laboratories, Inc., 270 Broadway, New York. Under Authority of permit no. n.y. b. 30-080.



By the merest of coincidences, 270 Broadway is also the address of Fruit Industries, Ltd. What about a dash of Vitamin before dinner, with a little chaser of elementary mineral?

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

Curb Service **WE APPRISE** all Kiwanis secretaries of the fact that there is more than one way to make a town famous. Reno, Nev., is famed for its easy divorces. Elkton, Md., on the other hand, has earned its place on the map by its easy marriages. As you come into town from the north you're greeted with a large illuminated sign:

MINISTER LICENSE MARRIAGE DRIVE IN

Naturally, there's a good deal of competition in the town's principal industry. A total annual output of 3,500 couples, with attendant cab fares, tips and fees, is a prize worth bagging.

In the old days the local taxi company had things pretty much its own way. If you wanted to get married you hired a cab and the driver whisked you to a minister. Then the Rev. E. T. Minor, a retired cleric, came along and opened up with a billboard campaign. This brought him 60% of the total business and the wrath of the taxi company. Seeking to do away with such flagrantly unfair competition, the company bought his \$10,000.00 home, ordered him out and installed their own parson, a Rev. Wm. R. Moon.

The Rev. Minor was thus quelled for six weeks, but now he's back again comfortably installed in his hqtrrs in the Kaler Inn, on E. Main St. He has opened up with a new billboard campaign, and is all ready for the June rush. Try as we will to be impartial, we're all for the Rev. Minor as against the taxi company and its stooge, the Rev. Moon. We admire his aggressive spirit.

\$800.00 **WITH THINGS** still
For a Name the way they are, we
couldn't help answer-
ing a large ad in the *Herald Tribune*
offering \$800.00 just for naming a
movie actress. It was the easiest thing

we ever heard of. So we wrote down the name of the girl who lives upstairs and sent it to Mr. George Blake, Publicity Director, Studio 3035, 1023 N. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, and waited for our \$800.00.

Presently an impressive-looking envelope from the Hollywood Marvel Products Co. arrived, and when we opened it, out fell a check for \$2,500.00. It was a fake, though; just part of a printed folder showing how



"I'm all out of condition from living in the country!"

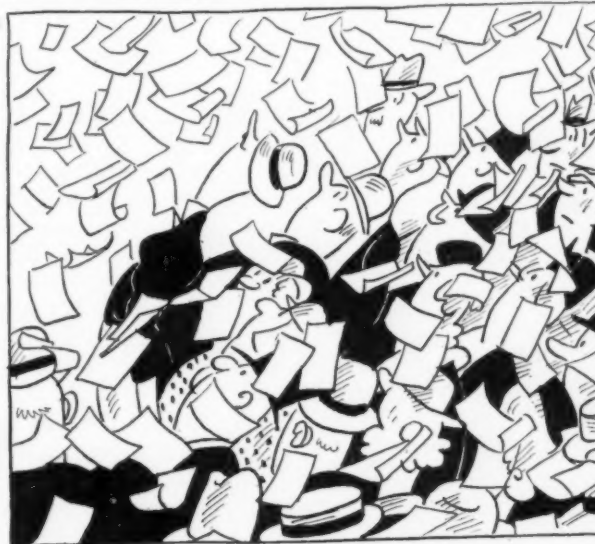
we could win \$3,500.00, or \$2,500.00 and a Buick, justlikethat. We had to have 35,000 Honors to win. We had already scored 33,000 by sending in the name. Next thing to do was to send in \$3.00 for \$3.75 worth of cosmetics, which would give us 1,999 more Honors. The catch was to snag that last Honor, which would be ours after we had solved a MARVEL PATH PUZZLE, printed on the folder.

Included in the envelope was [1] a letter from the president of the company assuring us that *A pencil, a line, a few days' play beats a LIFETIME of saving the usual way*, [2] a Permission Slip that entitled us to \$1,000.00 extra, or the Buick, if we gave the company permission to send us the cosmetics, [3] a list of prize winners in 43 states, [4] a catalogue of the Hollywood Marvel Make-up, [5] a stamped envelope for reply, [6] a \$500.00 extra prize guarantee if we sent \$3.00 in cash with the Permission Slip, [7] an advertisement of the Marvel Antiseptic Shaving Formula, [8] a note warning us that some contests require an investment of HUNDREDS of dollars to win, and [9] a Certificate showing that we had already won 33,000 Honors.

After carefully examining all the enclosures and trying to figure out how we could win that Buick for \$3.00, we were much too exhausted to go ahead with the Marvel Path Puzzle.

James Brown's Body **AFTER** generations of having doors slammed in its face and jokes cracked at its expense, the genius Book Agent has evolved the Way Out. For birds and beasts it's protective coloration; for the modern bk agnt it's protective impersonation. The following dialogue, a splendid example of bk agntry [in which the salesman impersonates a representative of the public schools] is taken from instructions distributed to its salespeople by the house that publishes the Volume Library:

[When the lady answers the door, be standing about five feet away. Do not walk toward her. Speak very distinctly and pleasantly.] *Mrs. Brown?* Ans. Yes. [Step back one step and then, bowing, say]: *I am Mr. Smith, Mrs. Brown.* [Clean shoes and step forward confidently expecting to enter.] *I have called*





"Hey, Tony, how about coming over to Childs' with me for a glass of beer?"

to see the mother or guardian of James Brown. [Bow, expecting to enter.] There is a matter concerning James' school work that I am to explain to you. [Expecting to enter.] If I may step in from the doorstep. There follow a few questions concerning James' school grades, his likes and dislikes, and his high school and college plans. From this point on, safely inside the house, the bk agnt emerges from his pedagogical shell.

We ourselves fell for another neat stunt the other day when we told a man who called on the 'phone that we'd be glad to see him at 2 p.m. He was from the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, he said, and had something of interest to tell us. When he breezed into the office minus a brief case we suspected nothing, but when he started in by telling us we were part owner of the Smithsonian Institute, we began to shuffle papers around on our desk. It developed that as a taxpayer we were part owner of the Smithsonian Institute, and as part owner we should certainly be interested in the history of the Institute. Now, here was a set of volumes . . .

Gratis AND SPEAKING of the matter of crashing the housewife's front door, there's the time-honored ruse of the magazine solicitor who steps up to the housewife and presents her with a copy of a mgzne with his compliments. All she has to do then is

listen to the yarn of how she ought to subscribe to several periodicals for several years in order to keep her Free copy, and, incidentally, help the unemployed, give a young man an education, aid an aging mother, or accomplish other worthy but irrelevant deeds.

We know a lady who beat the game neatly the other day. A young man stepped up to the door and presented her with a Free copy of a magazine. She said *Thank you*, then promptly closed and locked the door. The young man spent the next twenty minutes pounding on the door, shouting, ringing the bell, and otherwise raising vain Bedlam in an effort to get his magazine back. He finally went away.

ENTERTAINMENT

Tongue Twister THEIR GLIB erudition and amazing command of facts made us think for a while that radio announcers must be miracle men. It's comforting to learn that they're just ordinary mortals like the rest of us and that their inexhaustible knowledge, so deftly mouthed, is the result of hours of digging by the unsung Continuity Department. Aside from being able to read what is written, and understand a pronunciation dictionary, the career demands little of a man.

Getting to be an announcer is another matter. *Quite* another matter. If you want to announce for Columbia, for example, you have to pass a five-part reading test. The first part is designed to trip you up on handling the king's English; the second makes you blunder over a musical term; the third puts you through your paces on descriptions, the fourth on plugging commercial products, and the last tests your gaiety in announcing dance programs. Here's a section of part two. Can you rattle it off without a hitch?

The following week his linguistic savoir faire may again be put to the test when he announces the cello virtuoso Gregor Piatigorsky. Continuing in the Slavic vein his tongue may trip over the announcement of Prokofieff's suite from the Prodigal Son, or he may meet his Waterloo with the pronunciation of the three Czech titans' names, Antonin Dvorak, Drdla, or perhaps even Friedrich Smetana. Again the Trauer-

marsch and the Scherzo of Mahler's Fifth Symphony, together with Krennek's suite from the music of Goethe's Triumph Der Empfindsamkeit will give him an opportunity to display his knowledge of German. NBC has a similar set of hurdles, and after you've cleared them all you're put on a waiting list that's already as long as the Sante Fé Railroad. We suggest a way for Columbia and NBC to eliminate a lot of hocus-pocus and save themselves some time. Whenever somebody comes around wanting to be an announcer, why not just say, *No, we don't need any announcers, or We have plenty of announcers, thank you, or something like that?*

Add Radio Items WARDEN LAWES was driven in from Sing Sing the other night to do his stint on the radio, and left his car and chauffeur parked outside NBC's entrance. The chauffeur had just settled down for a nap, when along came a cop and told him to move on. The chffr opened one eye and said something about cops being a nuisance, and then closed his eye again.

The cop turned red and retaliated with words to the effect that the chffr was a Something or Other and here was a ticket for parking, and talking back to a cop, and several other minor crimes. Warden Lawes' chffr took the ticket, tore it up, and dropped it into the street. *I can't use your ticket, mister, he said. I'm a Sing* (Please turn to page 14)



"That roof shouldn't leak!"

Kangaroos-Out-of-Hat

WHO has not marvelled, whilst, with a flick of my wand, I have conjured from a hat a mother kangaroo containing her youngster? And yet the only thing marvellous is its utter simplicity. The baby kangaroo, being in its mother's pouch, takes up no room. The mother, in turn, comes from the pouch of *her* mother, who is still concealed in the hat.



My Three Best Tricks And How I Do Them

By Dr. Seuss



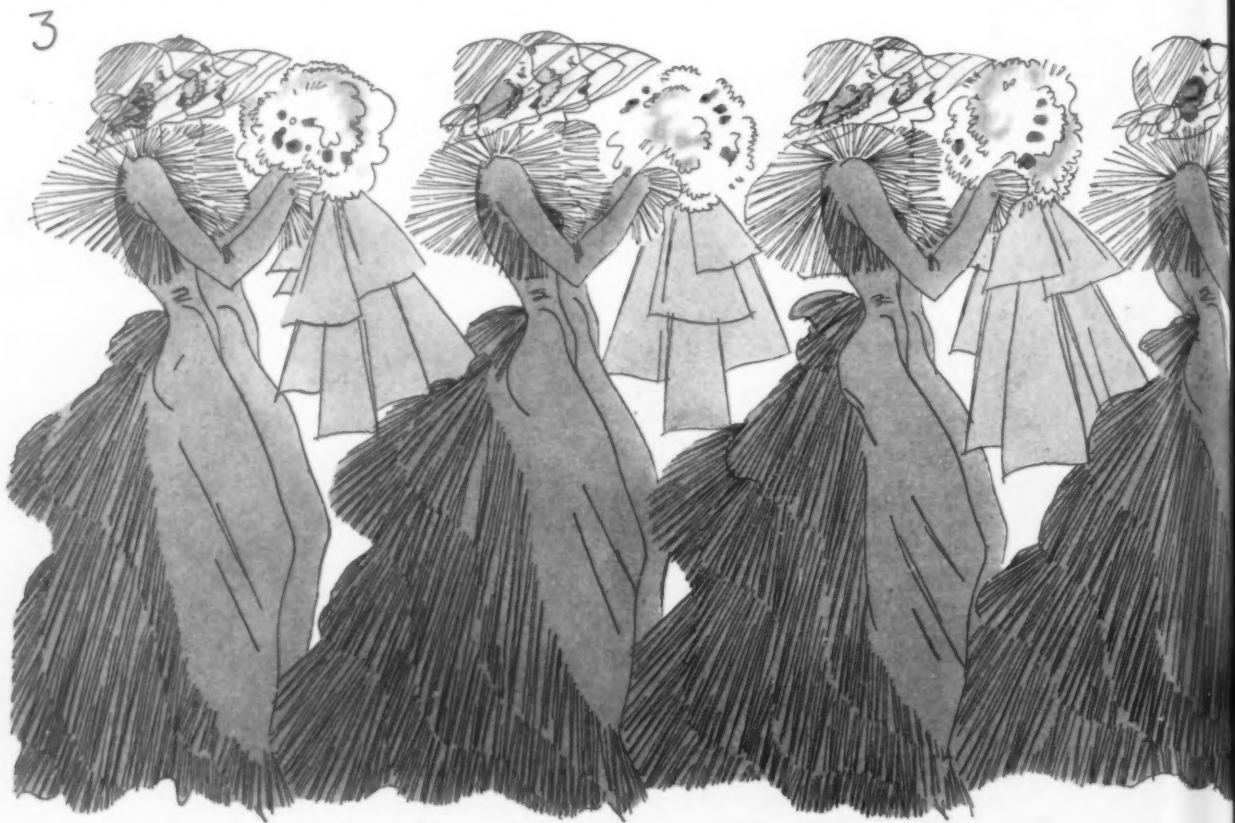
Brick Wall Diving

"HOW?" folks are always begging me, "how ever do you dive through that solid brick wall?" Seemingly a feat of super mystery, this stunt is actually based on a *simple law of technocracy*. In 1898, it could not have been done,—it then taking 18 men 7 days to make 47 bricks. Today, however, one lone man can produce bricks at the rate of 90 a minute.



Sawing a Size 47 Bust in Half

"UNBELIEVABLE! Stupendous!" gasps the audience when, in plain sight, the sharp teeth of my saw bite their way through a Size 47 Dressmaker's Bust! Unbelievable? Poppycock! Merely a matter of practice. Years ago I started in a small way . . . sawing up a Size 15 Bust. Since then I have worked up gradually to the Size 47.



2



4

"If you can't show us something better than that, Albert and I'll just have to postpone our wedding another year!"



PHOTOGRAPH BY

Sing trustie, see, and I'm up for life!

Other radio laughs not found in scripts have come to our attention. For instance:

Elsie Hitz, heroine of *The Mysteries of Paris*, never saw Paris.

The barrel-voiced gentleman introduced as a heating engineer on the Blue Coal program knows nothing about heating except what he has learned in the dressing room. He's an actor named Frawley, and used to be introduced as a doctor when he was working for a sponsor who sold cod liver oil concentrate.

In moments of a broadcast play when the lovers are supposed to be in a clinch, the actors are yards apart, at different microphones.

Herbert Rice, who writes the cowboy script *Bobby Benson*, is British, and was never west of the Mississippi.

No one is allowed to smoke in the studios during the broadcast of any program, including the Lucky Strike hour.

The NBC feature called *The Little Theatre Just Off Times Square* is away off Times Square, being written and broadcast from Chicago.

Recently an NBC official announced that less time is now given over to advertising talk. On the same day the fifteen-minute program called *The Girl Next Door* contained nine minutes of commercial announcement.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

Wall Street COVERING Wall St. for the papers is largely a routine, but one that has to be handled by men who know how to approach bankers, brokers and the like. They must speak their language, and not speak it too loudly. Wall St. men can't be approached frankly and directly, as can a police captain, murderer, or Mayor. The reporters are seldom allowed to quote a source, most of their news coming Off the Record.

When you read the phrase *it is reported that* in a Wall St. tale, it means merely gossip. When you read, *according to authoritative sources* it means authenticity of a sort, but strict unquotability. When leading banking firms and corporations wish to make some announcement, official or unofficial, they summon the newspapermen to their offices, give out an announcement, and then wait for the effect on public opinion before deciding what they really will do. This Trial Balloon system is one that was used by the late T.R. and by many govt officials.

There are about 100 men covering the St., not counting those working for specialized sheets like the *Wall Street Journal*, et al., and a majority of the boys crown their careers by becoming bankers, brokers, or successful specula-

tors. Sarrae C. Adee of the *World-Telegram* is the only woman engaged in this work.

Conservative or not, Wall St. rpters were a bit too human for the N. Y. Stock Exchange, which expelled them from a special press room three years ago. Official reason: Economy. Real reason: Card-playing, singing, and general hell-raising.

GREAT MINDS

"Many of the motion picture stars are actually making less money."

—Gilbert Miller.

"The brewer is quite willing to take a modest profit."

—Jacob Ruppert.

"Our future civilization will have to include the feminine sex very much."

—Michael Arlen.

"Alcohol is dangerous; if you drink too much you'll be drunk."

—John Erskine.

"The people of the country are not interested in patronage."

—James A. Farley.



"It's a lucky thing we were having a masquerade party!"



Sinbad . . . Right this way for the big show!

Women Are Funny That Way

THERE'S the doorbell! I'll go; it's probably Eddie back from his fishing trip. Come right in. Ed—Oh my heavens! Help! HELP! BURGLARS!"

"Hey, wait a minute, Myrtle! Hold on! It's me,—Eddie!"

"For goodness sakes! You scared me to death. What on earth is the idea of wearing that black scarf across your face?"

"Well, you see the thing is, Myrtle, I have a surprise for you and I wanted to spring it on you by degrees."

"A surprise? Honestly, I—Edward Jones, you don't mean—take off that scarf! Oh, my gosh, I might have known it! A mustache!"

"Yes, baby, and a pretty swell one, too, if I do say so myself."

"But, Eddie, it's red! And your other hair is brown!"

"Well, that's the chance a fellow has to take when he raises a mustache. However, the barber says it'll darken up after it's been exposed to the sun a while. And you'll have to admit that it makes me look like a man."

"Like a man? You look more like a mouse!"

"Goodnight! Women are certainly funny! Before I left on my trip we went to the movies and saw Ronald Colman, and you simply raved over his mustache. And here when I spend three weeks wearing myself out for your sake and raise one that's just as classy as Ronald's, you put up an awful squawk!"

"Listen, Eddie, believe it or not you and Ronald Colman are two different people! Now, march straight down to the barber's and get that thing shaved off!"

"All right, baby, all right! But, gosh, I can't figure women at all!"

—Marge.

Glossary for Those Who Attend the Talks

PAIL: *A gem found in oysters.* Example: "Whawt a gohjus necklace awv mahtched pails!"

BED: *Feathered creature of the air.* Example: "Oafen I lohng to soa like a bed."

VALLEY: *Courage.* Example: "When he wawz oveh seas, he wawz given a cittation faw valley."

WAKE: *Labor or activity.* Example: "Oan senny mohnings, Tawm likes to woke to wake."

DECK: *A web-footed fowl.* Example: "My dyah, I've just kem from a mawvlus piffohmince awv 'The Wild Deck'."

FIST: *Preceding all others.* Example: "He's a collecteh awv fist editions."

COLD: *Past tense often used in reference to telephoning.* Example: "Whay way you oal aftehnoon? I cold and cold, and no wen ensud."

GALE: *Young female.* Example: "Awchy said he had oalwez dreamed awv a gale like me."

KITTEN: *A device raised and lowered between acts at a theatre.* Example: "They aw the type who steh till the final kitten."

MISTY: *A title prefixed to a masculine name.* Example: "Allow me to present Misty Toampson."

LAIN: *To acquire knowledge.* Example: "The weh she speaks heh weds, you'd think she had neveh tried to lain."

—E. B. Crosswhite.

Great Minds At Work

"There can be no more happy sight in the world than a German beer garden." —Nicholas Murray Butler.

"Congress still exists."

—Mark Sullivan.

"Whatever the people of this state really demand will be given to them."

—Herbert H. Lehman.



"Well, you old son-of-a-gun! I haven't seen you since the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904!"



"The other rope, you ass!"

YOU'RE WELCOME

"CHARLES," said Mrs. Gibney from the sofa on which she was reclining, "will you hand me that book from the piano?"

Mr. Gibney looked over the top of his newspaper. "Can't you even say please?" he grunted.

"Please hand me that book."

Mr. Gibney pushed himself up heavily, lurched over to the piano, seized the book and gave it to his wife in silence. He started back to his seat, then stopped and turned around as though waiting for something.

"Well," said Mrs. Gibney coldly, "what do you want?"

Mr. Gibney looked at her stonily.

"What are you waiting for?" his wife demanded.

"What," said Mr. Gibney, "would you call two large artificial receptacles for water?"

"Why—why—" said Mrs. Gibney



"Okay, folks, you win. You can have the apartment for sixty dollars!"

somewhat surprised, "why—tanks."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney, and returned to his seat. He picked up his newspaper and tried to concentrate on what the columnist was saying. But it was evident that he wasn't aware of what he was reading. He appeared to be thinking abstractedly and there was a quizzical expression on his face. Finally he folded the paper and looked across at his wife.

"WHAT," he asked abruptly, "is the name of the coffee which is supposed to let you sleep?"

His wife raised her head from the book. "Why—Sanka," she said.

"You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney.

"Is that your idea of humor?" Mrs. Gibney asked icily.

"No . . . not exactly . . . I was just . . ." Mr. Gibney paused as though something had just occurred to him. "Look," he said, "what would you call the two front teeth of a snake?"

His wife thought a moment, and said, "Fangs."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney gleefully.

Mrs. Gibney glared at him, but he didn't notice it. He was gazing reflectively at the chandelier.

"I'll bet. . . I'll bet. . ." he said after a while. "I'll bet you don't know what two strips of leather are."

"I do," said his wife.



"Oh Columbia, we're so hungry; couldn't we have a crust of bread or, or, somethin'?"

"What?" demanded Mr. Gibney.
 "Thongs."
 "You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney
 almost hugging himself.

MRS. GIBNEY stood up and regarded him distastefully. Then she picked up her book, marched into the bedroom and shut the door. He could hear her moving around, getting ready for bed. He lit his pipe slowly and smoked it down to the last ember, still gazing at the chandelier. Then he stood up smiling and went into the bedroom. Mrs. Gibney was on her side, but she was not sleeping. "What," he asked without any formality, "is the name of a Spanish dance?"

Mrs. Gibney didn't answer. "You don't know," said Mr. Gibney. His wife continued to feign sleep. "You don't know," Mr. Gibney repeated. "You don't know. You . . ."

His wife rolled over. "Tango," she said venomously.

"You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney, removing his tie and placing it in the rack. He unbuttoned his shirt slowly. "What would be the plural name," he asked, "of a sharp taste or smell?"

"Tangs," said his wife hopelessly. "You're welcome," said Mr. Gibney dropping his right shoe.

"Stop it!" Mrs. Gibney screamed. "Stop what?"

"Stop asking me for silly words and then saying 'You're welcome.'!"

"It's just a game," said Mr. Gibney. "I made it up."

"Well, stop it," snapped his wife.

Mr. Gibney got into his pajamas and turned out the light. In the darkness, he lay on his back for a long time, thinking. The regular breathing of his wife told him that she had dropped off to sleep. He smiled to himself. "Sanctum," he said. "Hanks . . . hangs . . . songs . . . stings . . . gangs . . . tangle . . ." He paused at tangle, and then shook his head. ". . . Tongues . . . thinks . . . sacks . . . socks . . . banks . . . hinges . . ." Mr. Gibney closed his eyes and tried to concentrate. Suddenly he chuckled to himself in the dark.

"Shanks," he muttered, and almost immediately added, "You're welcome." He kept thinking for a long time before he fell asleep.

—Everett Freeman.



"The critics gave us good notices this week."

HOMELESS TIES

I'VE frequently wondered who buys
 The simply terrific cravats
 The purely malefic cravats
 The miles of unspeakable ties
 Gents' Furnishing places
 Display on their cases
 Amid the pajamas and hats.
 The deadly and dreadful ties
 The wholly incredible ties
 Designed to drive anyone bats,
 The wild, unbelievable
 Weird, inconceivable
 Piles of unholy cravats!

Who falls for these maniac dyes
 Of dizzy, erratic cravats
 Of polychromatic cravats
 That generate spots in the eyes?
 Can anyone bear 'em?
 —The man who would wear 'em
 Would also wear polka-dot spats

To go with these poisonous ties
 These shrieking and noisinous ties
 Which hit you a punch in the slats;
 These livid and lecherous
 Queasy and recherous
 Hideous heaps of cravats!

But—I have a hunch on who buys
 These vilely obscene cravats
 These highly gangrenous cravats.
 —The Ladies absorb the supplies!
 As gifts they employ 'em
 And husbands destroy 'em
 Or drown 'em like puppies or cats,
 Or plant these deplorable ties
 These awful, and horrible ties
 In desolate burial-plats,
 Where Nature demolishes
 Ends and abolishes
 Mounds of malignant cravats!

—Berton Braley.

SILENCE BY—



OUR children monopolize our radio receiver from 4 to 7:30 p. m. daily, and have an unerring instinct for tripe, during this period.

They get blood-and-thunder melodramas of the ten-twenty-thirty sort which, in *our* childhood, could have been heard nowhere this side of cheap dens on the Bowery. (Our fathers would have used blacksnake whips to keep us out of such places.)

They get four-year-old brats whining such Broadway sex intimations as "Fit as a Fiddle and Ready for Love" and "Let's Turn Out the Light and Go to Sleep."

They get Grandpa Luther who ad-

vises little children to wash behind their ears and eat their cereal, and to look behind the radiator for a piece of birthday cake. (If I were a kiddie and *my* parents used such underhand methods of imparting moral precepts, I'd poison 'em pronto.)

After listening to these blasts out of the corners of my ears for three hours the other evening, I advanced on the living room and said: "Suppose we let that thing cool for a while now."

"Aw, daddy!"

"Come on, now. Strikes me some advertiser could make a big hit by sponsoring a half hour of silence on the hour every day."

I went back to my lair, forgetting my mission to the living room. Maybe I had an idea. Maybe I had something.

If the manufacturer were really big and aggressive, he could even buy a half hour on *all* radio stations at some

given time, and thus really enforce the delights of it (and the unspoken merits of his product) on a thankful world.

Any manufacturer could do this to his own advantage, but the program would be especially appropriate for somebody selling a product such as rubber heels, a notoriously quiet refrigerator, a noiseless typewriter, a smooth motor car, a roach powder or a slamless screen door. (And, for one thing, the talent would cost next to nothing. The advertiser could refrain from the use of the most expensive entertainers: "Listen to the Reticent Refrigerator's half hour *without* Eddie Cantor.")

Or, I raged on to myself, why not this as a field for a finer philanthropy than the world has yet known? Let the radio stations issue time in 15 minute packages of silence to such big public benefactors as would come through. A half hour to this millionaire and a half hour to that. (The Rockefellerers, with their stand in with RCA, ought to make a good dicker for a big slice of silence on NBC as a starter.)

Gradually, the beneficent wealthy could purge our air waves leaving them free for the exclusive use of sinking ships, which was what they were meant for in the first place.

—Don Herold.

NO PARKING

WE'RE always in a hurry,
We subway hangers-on.
We rush about till midnight
From a little after dawn.

No sleeping in the morning,
No slow, serene shampoo
With finger wave and manicure
At half past two.

We have no lien on leisure,
We have no time for beauty,
For facials and massage are incompatible with duty.

And how we hate the women
Who've time enough for naps,
Who sit at Wednesday matinees
With candy in their laps,

While we must keep on scrambling
To get to work and play,
Though our idea of Heaven
Is to loiter in the hay.

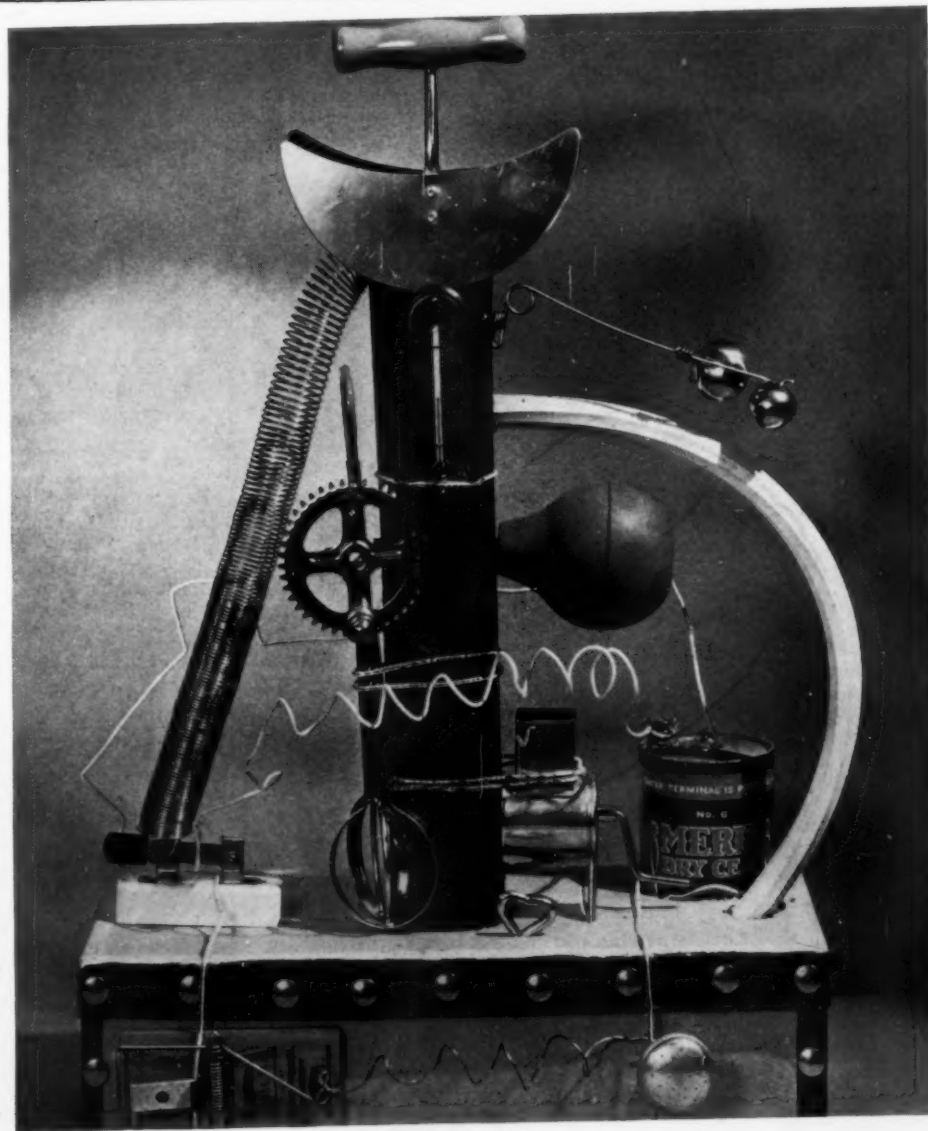
—Margaret Fishback.



"Chester's cigar coupons have deflated. He says he has lost faith in everything."

TIME

& POPULAR MECHANICS

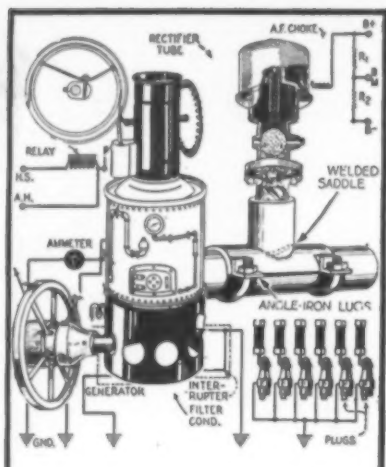


Volume XXXXXX

WIDGET

... beats ... sweeps ... cleans
(see Music)

Number 2



AGENTS WANTED!

THIS month, in Chicago, opens the World's Fair. Concessionaires will make Big Money selling Triangular hot cakes. Ambitious George Hamlin Winch (S. Dakota) made \$500., expenses, first week; slow-witted Lemuel Pennybaker (Penna.) cleaned up \$50. first six days.

The new Triangle Hot Cake Maker amazes all who see it. Has double-oscillating water jackets, reversible compound countershaft, self-aligning carburetor sprockets. Says famed Engineer Julius Garbo: "This hot cake machine sells hot cakes like hot cakes . . . amazing . . . amazing . . ."

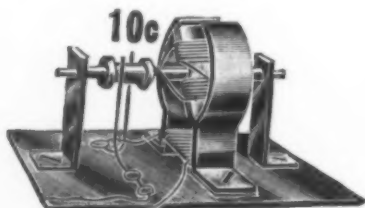
To all correspondents: Circular G-6 gratis.

Triangle Hot Cake Maker Co.
Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED!

Build Your Own Home!

MIDDLEMEN long have been thorns in homebuilders' sides. Now comes succor, relief. Low price, quality homes, knocked down, direct to builder, \$467.00. Price includes floors, walls, plumbing, roof, paint, ample supply of roach powder for kitchens. Grumbling homebuilders need no longer consult architects, builders. Send for catalog today!



Illustrated is twin-screw water pump, given Free with every home

Presto Home Corporation
New York, N. Y.

L E T T E R S

Fishing Rods

Sirs:

Your correspondent erred grievously by quoting me as saying that fishing rods should be soaked in prussic acid while not in use. Furthermore, your proofreader let my age go through as 150. I am not yet 50.

DONALD BAYNE HOBART

Cumberland, Md.

To TIME & P.M.'s correspondent, a thorough-going rebuke; to TIME & P.M.'s proofreader, a good sock on the beezer; to Subscriber Hobart, profuse apologies. But Subscriber Hobart errs; TIME & P.M. ran no such story.—Ed.

F. D.

Sirs:

WE THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD APPRECIATE A SKETCH ABOUT FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT SIMILAR TO THOSE PRINTED IN YOUR MAGAZINE STOP HE IS FIFTY ONE YEAR OLD THIRTY SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FORMER GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK STATE IN CHARGE OF INSPECTION OF UNITED STATES NAVAL FORCES IN EUROPEAN WATERS JULY SEPTEMBER NINETEEN EIGHTEEN YOU HAVE DONE SAME FOR SENATOR BINGHAM OF CONNECTICUT IS NOT OUR PRESIDENT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU.

Herman J. Schmeercase
Julius Winterbottom
Horace G. Crankcase
Ichabod Slott

Democratic Club,
Harmon, N. Y.

Contrite, TIME & POPULAR MECHANICS hastens to present record of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as follows:

Born: Hyde Park, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

Career: Elected Governor New York State, 1929; in charge of inspection of U. S. Naval forces in European waters, July-September, 1918. Inaugurated thirty-second President of the U. S., March 4, 1933.

PEOPLE

"Names make news." Last week these names made news.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Alfred E. Smith, Benito Mussolini, Adolph "Nazi" Hitler, George Bernard Shaw, Huey "Kingfish" Long, Eleanor Roosevelt, George Herman "Babe" Ruth, John Patrick O'Brien, Albert Einstein, John Davison Rockefeller, Samuel Lionel "Roxy" Rothafel & others.

MISCELLANY

"TIME & POPULAR MECHANICS—of all things."

Boxes

In Albuquerque, one-legged David Scramm gave a party, proudly displayed an artificial limb he had made entirely from cigar boxes, tried it on for the first

time, slipped, fell on his face, broke a cigar in two places.

Bosom

In Ojai, Cal., inventive, big-bosomed Mabel Milchcratz, spinster orange grower, told Justice of the Peace Oliver Beadle Prickett to "watch the pennies and the nickels will take care of themselves", handed him a homemade pig-bank with no slot for coins.

Dry

In Lewiston, Me., tobacco-chewing Arthur Twitchell built himself a dripless trombone from odds & ends, amazed local music lovers, amazed himself with clear, dry notes.

Fingers

In Cambridge, Mass., cross-eyed Thomas McIntyre Cooley pushed a nail through one end of a strip of cardboard, grabbed the other end with his left hand, hammered the nail home without smashing his fingers. A chandelier, loosed by the pounding, felled Thomas McIntyre Cooley, gave him a headache.

Raspberry

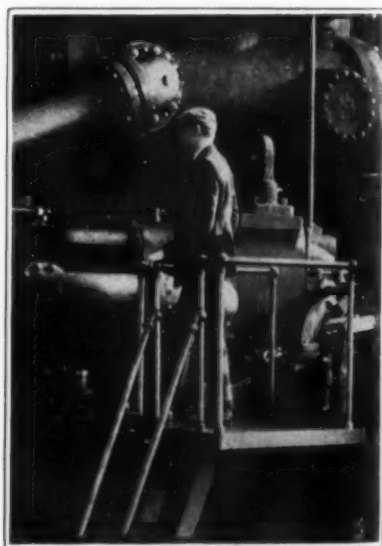
In Ann Arbor, Mich., stumbling over a set of rusty tire chains in his home workshop, lop-eared Edward Staunton McKay cursed, suspended the chains from basement rafters, laid boards across the connecting links, used the improvised shelves for storing strawberry, raspberry, apricot preserves.

23

In Decatur, Ill., Samuel Jigsaw, jibe-weary, invited neighbor John Puzzle over to help him cut puzzles on his homemade jigsaw. They cut 23 puzzles, did not know what to do with them.

Summer

In Washington, House & Senate adjourned for the Summer. (See p. 23).



DAVID SCRAMM
His wooden leg collapsed.

TIME

& Popular Mechanics

WRITTEN SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND IT

Vol. XXXXXX

June, 1933

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

Work Done

The Senate:

☛ Debated a 3/4"-wood-chisel appropriation bill for Army & Navy wood-working shops, roared with laughter when Oklahoma's trembling-paunched McWhiffle rose, said wittily: "There is already enough chiseling in the Army and Navy."*

☛ Received from the Judiciary Committee a resolution making amateur paper-hanging a criminal offense.

☛ Adjourned for the Summer. (See p. 22).

The House:

☛ Passed light-oil-and-No. 00-sandpaper appropriation bill (\$25.31) for oiling, brightening hinges of the Hall of Justice; sent it to the Senate; messenger† lost it on the way.

☛ Adjourned for the Summer. (See p. 22).

MUSIC

Widget

(See front cover)

Music is characterized by four attributes: pitch, duration, intensity, quality; its effect on the human mind is that of periodic vibrations reaching the sensitive auditory nerve. Last week in Cleveland, be-spectacled, be-whiskered, be-bowlegged Mordecai Krenmitz Sinsibaugh (see cut) introduced his "Sinsibaughphone", music from which has no pitch, no duration, no intensity, no quality. Most noteworthy is its lack of keys, strings, pipes, sound. Auditors at Sinsibaugh's first concert reported only silence as Sinsibaugh, announcing composition after composition, labored, sawed, kicked at the mute instrument. Made of odds & ends found in any home workshop, Sinsibaugh's Sinsibaughphone is of extremely simple design. A mailing tube is pushed through the top of a shoe box, fastened with wire, tape & glue. Surrounding the tube are various items procurable at any Five & Ten. A coat of shellac protects the surface against rain, snow, sleet, fog.

Newshawks were impressed; dubbed the invention "Widget" for no reason.

*Chisel is a tool consisting of a flat metal blade with sharp, square, cutting end; chiseling is art of getting something for nothing.

†Messenger is the bearer of a communication.

Growled Sinsibaugh: "There's too damned much music in this ———* world as it is . . . the Sinsibaughphone will be a boon to apartment dwellers . . . you wait and see." His audience waited & waited, saw nothing. Said violin tycoon Fritz Kreisler:† "It will never replace the fiddle."††

*Obscenity deleted.

†No kin to Walter Percy Chrysler, automobile tycoon, member of Manhattan's swank Society of Automotive Engineers.

††Violin.



MORDECAI KRENMITZ SINIBAUUGH

"There's too damned much music . . ."

SCIENCE

Mice

In cellular life a *gene* is a unit factor responsible for color or size; the combination produced by two cells which fuse to form one cell in reproduction is a *zygote*. Any *zygote* in which the two *genes* for a particular kind of character-

istic are alike is called a *homozygote*. The offspring of two *homozygous* gray mice (A) are all gray. Likewise gray are all succeeding generations (A₁ A₂ A₃ A₄ A₅ etc.).

Last month at Columbia University two biology students, wearily cramming for exams, heard squeaks, gnawings, scurrying in the kitchen of their fraternity house. Investigation disclosed homozygous gray mice (A, A₁, A₂, A₃, A₄, A₅, & A₆) nibbling Corn Flakes, chewing corners out of sugar cartons, rustling about in nooks, crannies. Hastily the students secured some fine mesh wire screen, cut, bent it into the shape of a bread loaf, soldered the loose ends with soldering iron found in any home workshop, screwed it to a board 5" by 8 1/2", baited the swiftly-constructed trap with cheese. Proudly they announced to their fraternity brothers the next morning that they had caught, slaughtered, two score *homozygous* gray mice.

ANIMALS

Purple

Few men have ever seen a purple cow. Like Frank Gelett Burgess*, few would care to. But last week in Port Arthur, Ontario, Stafford Merrill Hodder, one-time umbrella mender, tinkering in his home workshop, became thirsty, absent-mindedly poured water into his Bunsen burner, alcohol into himself. Saw Stafford Merrill Hodder: purple cow, green zebra, yellow dinosaur† with spats.

Brain

Hydrophobia is a disease communicated by the bite of a rabid animal, due to a specific virus in the saliva. Many persons have been bitten, pained by dogs afflicted with rabies (See TIME & TIME again). Last week in Seattle, Wash., dog-fancier Hubert McNulty Haines, lonely recluse, punched holes in a pretzel can, tied the can around his dog's nose, injected hydrophobia virus into the dog's leg, found that dog was unable to bite him. Said Haines: "I don't know much what's going on in the outside world but it seems to me I've got something." Physicians who stumbled upon his cabin later found he had paresis (softening of the brain).

*"I never saw a purple cow; I never hope to see one. But I can tell you, anyhow, I'd rather see than be one."

†Dinosaur: Any of a subclass of extinct reptiles, varying in length from 2 to 70 feet.

CONTENTS

	Page
Animals	23
Contents	23
Letters	22
Miscellany	22
Music	23
National Affairs	23
People	22
Science	23

A pleasant time was had by all FOR VERY LITTLE MONEY



"Fisher coachwork and full-length springs certainly make a difference in comfort."

"Right you are—but save some of the credit for this smooth, quiet Chevrolet engine, too."



"I'm certainly glad we've got a Chevrolet. Nothing spoils a vacation quicker than having to stop for repairs."



Suppose you have only a few dollars in your pocket, but a great big urge in your heart to go new places, see new people, get away from things. All right, *step into a Chevrolet and go!* Shortage of cash doesn't ever seem to worry *this* smart and sprightly six. You can depend on it to take you where you please, and bring you home *on less money*—than any other full-size car would cost you for the same mileage. And oh, what a lot of pleasure you and your whole gay party will have on the journey! With 70-miles-an-hour action to furnish plenty of thrills. Brisk, lively pick-up to add a few thrills more. A cushion-balanced engine to kill annoying vibration. Long, easy-action springs to make *all* roads seem smooth. Free wheeling for coasting and effortless shifting. Fisher Ventilation to keep everybody cool. Yes—and the keen satisfaction, every thrilling mile, that the world is looking on in admiration. And that your pocketbook is smiling—with approval—too!

CHEVROLET MOTOR CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\$445 TO \$565

All prices f.o.b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G.M.A.C. terms.
A General Motors Value

"Better than 200 miles without a stop. What's my share of the gas bill?"

"Forget it. We didn't use enough to make it worth while to split the cost."



"I must show you my new car. It's the smartest thing on wheels."

"Must be a new Chevrolet. That's the car that catches my eye."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET

FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

ONCE I, too, used to think weddings were a barrel of fun.

Only last month I got practically hysterical at a lawn wedding because the bridal party was outlined against the setting sun, and you could see right through the ushers.

However, all that is changed since yesterday, which is when Myrtle Smythe took the fatal dive. Myrt is my best girlfriend, so the minute she announced her engagement to Eddie Jones, the aviator, I went to her like a sister would and said: "Listen, Myrt, I'm afraid you're making a big mistake!"

"What do you mean—mistake?" she said in a haughty way. "We are cuckoo about each other!"

"Myrtle," I warned her solemnly, "this is madness! Here you are, a girl with a jealous nature and a weak stomach, blithely tripping into matrimony with Eddie—a lad who spends half his life up in an airplane! Just how do *you* expect to keep your eye on a man like that?"

But in spite of my warning, she went through with the wedding. And it burnt me to see how everybody at the reception acted like there wasn't a thing to worry about. Honestly, I do think it's a crime the way people take weddings so light heartedly these days! The right attitude was the one folks used to have, when relatives of the bride and groom attended a wedding armed with handkerchiefs and sobbed all through the ceremony. Getting married was a serious business then, but gosh, it's even more serious now when

you consider the problems we have to face!

For example, there is the problem of housing the bride. Consider the plight of the modern groom when he tries to stow away in a three-room apartment his wife's outboard motor boat, rowing machine, reducing machine, golf trophies and old boyfriends! No wonder so many of them give up the battle and go live with her folks.

And with the girls making pets of everything from alligators to lion cubs, another serious problem has arisen. The man who marries Lily Pons must ask himself if, no matter how much he loves Lily, he is willing to live with her jaguar, too. Gone are the days when the girl who was fond of animals was content with a Peke or a Pom! No red-blooded woman is satisfied now with anything less than a brace of Great Danes. Believe me, a man has to be a good provider these days to keep his wife in dog biscuits!

THE grooms aren't the only ones who are out of luck, either. Modern improvements make it mighty tough for a bride. Met a girl on the street this afternoon who was recently married. She looked like bad news from Siberia.

"And why not?" she barked bitterly, when I casually mentioned the fact. "I've been taking tap dancing, singing lessons, a course in public speaking, and had my face lifted! Gosh, with Ed Wynn on the radio and Joan Crawford at the movies right around the corner, I have to be a regular three-ring circus to get Bill to pay any attention to me!"

Nope, marriage these days is no laughing matter, and a lot of careful thinking should be done before taking the fatal plunge. Another thing you should think carefully about is



The adagio dancers' wedding.



"We'll be so happy in our little love nest, dear—just you and me and my doggie woggies!"

Where and When to get married. It is generally better to be wed in a church, even if you've never been in a church before. I know of one couple whose married life was wrecked at the start because they had an underseas wedding and the groom got the bends.

Yessir, getting married these days is an awfully serious business. However, not getting married is even more serious.

After all, this is June. Use your own judgment!



VOL. 100

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2579

CRANKING THE CAR

By E. S. Martin

PRESIDENT Roosevelt has been in office for three months, now. He is, of course, on trial but at this time he is still the country's best bet, and its most admired citizen, not even excepting Babe Ruth. He has certainly shown capacity to swat the ball and the players that he has selected to run the bases have by no means stood still on the bags.

Mr. Roosevelt, as we see him so far, has at least two remarkable and valuable qualities. First, a good spirit towards other people; a spirit of hospitality, of benevolence; a true aspiration to help all the world; a belief that the problem of the great depression is to do that very thing. Mr. Hearst seems to think that what we need is to take good care of ourselves and let our neighbors do the same. He is not strong for cooperation. He finds fault with Mr. Roosevelt for leaning towards Dictatorship. While Mr. Hearst seems to have very cordial feelings towards the 100 percent Americans, Mr. Roosevelt sees the United States as a powerful factor in a problem that involves all the world. He seems to feel that the return of prosperity hinges on a far better cooperation of the nations. He would have it, apparently, that the very price of prosperity is to love one's neighbor. Now the nations in a way are rivals in trade, they are rivals in getting what they can and beating somebody else to it if they have the energy and the facilities. That is not bad; that ought to go on, but not too far, since it is in the long run the advantage of every country to have the other nations prosperous; able to buy as well as sell. Mr. Roosevelt sees that. He wants a

fair deal for all hands. He wants tariffs revised with a view to their effect, not merely on local producers and manufacturers, but on the foreign countries that are affected by them. He would have people make money out of us not solely out of benevolence but partly because it gives them buying



RUSSIAN BEAR: Talk about Sabotage! I wish to Lenin somebody would come along and wreck this machine!
—Punch (by permission).

power and helps us to make money out of them.

MR. ROOSEVELT in short is a fairly good internationalist. He wants to help all the world; he wants to revive trade; he wants peace in this world even in our time, and with those feelings in his mind he has greeted the messengers from other countries who have come to dis-

cuss with him the possibility and the means of producing these desirable conditions in the world. That spirit in him is one of his notable qualities and immensely useful. His heart and his mind are hospitable.

The other notable quality he seems to have, for the present anyhow, is an extraordinary capacity for work. Not all the details of his plans and purposes come out of his own head, of course. The so-called "brain trust" brings many of them to his notice, but the spirit that meets them is his, and his too is the tireless energy of mind that passes on them and gets them to work if they are approved.

OF course, Mr. Roosevelt doing a lot of things, trying extraordinary experiments, is going to make mistakes. We must expect that and so must he, but as Mr. Charles Miller of Utica was quoted in the paper as saying, "the greatest mistake of all would be not to do something." He is doing something. If the self starter won't start the car, he immediately looks out for someone to crank it. It has been stalled long enough. Time it started!

Well it has started and where it is going to bring up Heaven knows and nobody else pretends to. There used to be a picture, much used between paragraphs in LIFE, of Theodore Roosevelt driving a racing car and Uncle Sam sitting behind with his hair on end. Theodore was always for having the car move and it seldom slacked up in his time. Franklin has the advantage of him in that the car had stood still so long that people were more afraid it would not start at all than of anything that might happen if it got going.

Great Minds At Work

"It is absurd to think that organized bands deprived of liquor profits will take to selling pencils."

—Louis McHenry Howe.

"Congratulate me on not having to stay in this fool world much longer!"

—Clarence Darrow.



A PEEP THROUGH THE SHAW UNDERBRUSH.



A GLIMPSE INTO THE HITLER BELFRY



UNDER GANDHI'S PANTIES



THE MUSSOLINI SALUTE

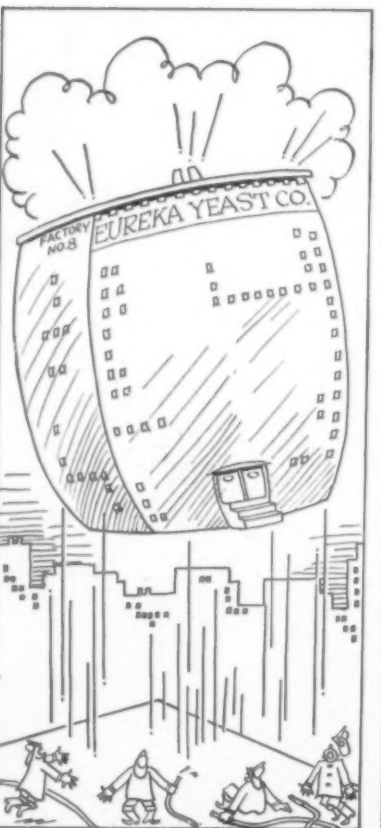
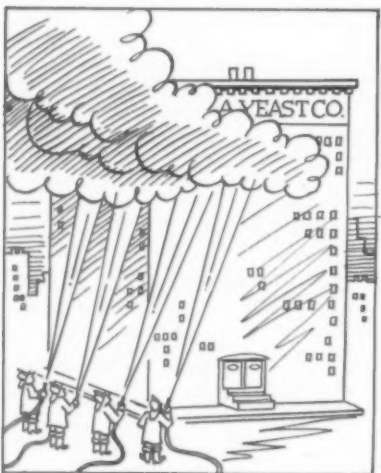
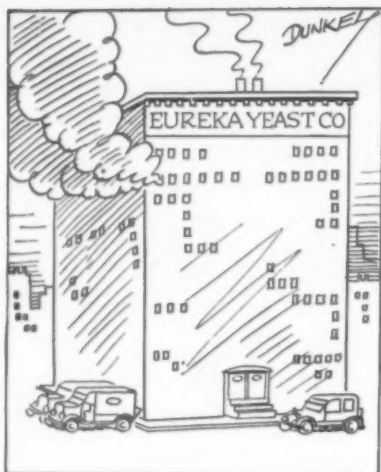


Henriksen



MESS'RS HUEY LONG AND WILLIAM BORAH REVEAL WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A SENATOR.

Our X-ray photographer discloses a few things we've always wanted to know.



FASCINATING BRIDGE HANDS

NO. 3

By John C. Emery

♠ 0	♠ K-10-7-4
♥ A-5	♥ 9-8-7-4-3
♣ 9-8-4-3	♣ Q-J-10-5
♦ J-10-8-5-4-3-2	♦ 0
	♠ J-8-5-3-2
	♥ K-6
	♣ 0
	♦ A-K-Q-9-7-6
	♠ A-Q-9-6
	♥ Q-J-10-2
	♣ A-K-7-6-2
	♦ 0

EVERY so often, in guest rooms or somewhere, otherwise normal bridge players get hold of books on contract bridge bidding systems, and the results, when they next sit in at a game, are usually something worth going miles to avoid. The players who sat in the North and South positions in the playing of the hand diagrammed above must have occupied the same guest room, or read the same book, or something, for they exhibited cockeyed tendencies in their bidding which were strikingly similar. This hand was submitted by Mrs. Edith D., of New Rochelle, N. Y., who claims she was just looking on.

EAST STARTS THE BIDDING

4 Diamonds Whee! Pass Oh, yeah!	1 Diamond 5 Diamonds Pass Play cards!
3 Diamonds 7 Diamonds Funny, aren't you?	2 Diamonds Ha! 6 Diamonds Pass Okay!

East, of course, had a legitimate bid of one diamond, which he made in all innocence of the pyrotechnics which he was setting off. South, on the other hand, had a perfectly good club bid, but he chose instead to indicate his nearly even distribution in the three suits other than diamonds by making the forcing bid of two diamonds. Undoubtedly, it was the chapter on "Crazy Ways to Make Forcing Bids" which South had read recently.

West had ample strength to raise his partner's bid, so he said, "Three diamonds"—an honest bid but one which made the game sound more than

ever like a business conference of jewel thieves. Now North showed that he, too, knew his way about when it came to bidding a suit named by his opponents. He had almost as much reason for his four diamond bid as South had for his declaration in that suit, but we can probably safely assume that North had an odd sense of humor and bid four diamonds just for fun.

East undoubtedly bid five diamonds with more than a touch of defiance. Probably the figurative chip teetered upon his shoulder. But there was no stopping South. He had to have his fun, so he bid six diamonds—and presumably ducked just in time to avoid being hit by the ashtray which East hurled. West's bid of seven diamonds was a foregone conclusion. To double would have been to destroy the beautiful symmetry of the bidding, although it might have turned out pretty profitably, whichever suit North and South took refuge in. But, artist to his fingertips, West did not double, and he jacked the contract up to seven diamonds, where it remained.

WITH all the diamonds, the ace and king of hearts, and shorts in spades and clubs, East could scarcely have lost a trick if he had tried, no matter how upset he might have been by his opponents' disrespectful bidding. In any event, according to Mrs. D., East made his grand slam, sniffing disdainfully as he raked in each trick. Virtue always triumphs.

To settle a bet, though, Mrs. D., had or had not any drinking been going on before this hand was played? Come now!

(Next month: The hand that was almost a laydown.)



Refinement Evident in Every Detail

BUICK GIVES MORE AND BETTER MILES

... that's why so many families buy Buicks time after time



Men and women show a *preference* for Buick cars which goes beyond mere liking. It amounts to strong, lasting friendship. The man or woman who has owned *one* Buick invariably buys Buicks *again and again*. Because ownership *proves* that Buick gives more and better miles. *Better miles*—surely. The new Buicks are *large* cars, *fine* cars. They have the long wheelbases (119 inches to 138 inches) which mean real beauty and riding comfort. And the *weight* (3866 to 4901 pounds) which means ability to hold the road and maintain high-speed performance hour after

hour without strain. *More* miles, too. Many Buicks have traveled over 200,000 miles, serving smoothly and dependably year after year. *Buick keeps faith*. And so men and women give back to Buick the loyalty which Buick gives to them. They make Buick *their* motor car, as *you* will, when you learn what a sound motor car investment Buick is.

The 20 new Buick models are offered at moderate prices on convenient G. M. A. C. terms. All are Buicks through and through. They have new Bodies by Fisher, Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engines cushioned in rubber, and new Fisher No Draft Ventilation, Individually Controlled. All are fine, economical motor car investments.

• Visit the General Motors Building, Century of Progress, June 1st to November 1st.

SINCE 1906 (Goggles and duster days)



26 BUICKS

Dr. Victor L. Garbutt, 312 Professional Building, Detroit, Michigan, ("these few words will tell you what I think of them") has owned 26 Buick cars, including a 1933 model.

SINCE 1910 (When T.R. went to Africa)



15 BUICKS

Mr. Harry A. Jay, 737 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., ("proud of the record and sure that it shows good judgment") has owned 15 Buick cars, including a 1933 model.

SINCE 1918 (Year of the Armistice)



18 BUICKS

Mrs. Emma Boughton, Newark, Ohio, ("feel qualified to state that Buick builds the best car that travels the highway") has owned 18 Buick cars, including a 1933 model.

SINCE 1908 ("Merry Widow" days)



34 BUICKS

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy and family, Los Angeles, Calif., ("beginning 25 years ago with the famous Buick 'White Streak'") have owned 34 Buick cars, including a 1933 model.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM . . . A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton
The Mid-Term Report



BEST BOOK OF THE YEAR: "The Coming Struggle for Power" by John Strachey.

BEST REMINISCENCES: "The Tragedy of Tolstoy" by Countess Alexandra Tolstoy.

WORST BIOGRAPHY: "The Life of Henry P. Davison" by Thomas W. Lamont. (Judgment rendered from the chapters which have appeared in *Collier's*.)

BEST HISTORY: "The History of the Russian Revolution" (vols. 2 and 3) by Leon Trotsky.

BIGGEST FLOP: Bernard Shaw's speech.

MOST DISGRACEFUL JOURNALISTIC PERFORMANCE: The treatment of Bernard Shaw by the N.Y. *Sun* in its news columns.

MOST SENSIBLE BOOK REVIEW: Lewis Gannett on "Lawrence and Breet" in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*.

WORST COLUMNIST: Jay E. House in the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

BEST BOOK CRITIC OUTSIDE NEW YORK: James Gray of the *St. Paul Dispatch*.

BEST NOVEL: "Eva Gay" by Evelyn Scott.

GREATEST HORROR BOOK IN YEARS: "The Werewolf of Paris" by Guy En-

dore. A classic. Dracula shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath.

MOST CERTAIN PREDICTION OF 1933: Should Michael Gold write a book as great as anything since Shakespeare, it will be panned by the majority of critics.

BEST SHOW: "Run, Little Chillun" by Hall Johnson.

ANTI-CLIMAX PRIZE: Awarded to Dutton for the blurb on "Solal": "The most striking and original novel we have published in several years."

BEST BOOK BY A NEW NOVELIST: "South Moon Under" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

BEST SATIRE: "Cold Comfort Farm" by Stella Benson.

MOST NON-COMMITTAL REVIEW: Harry Hansen on "Ann Vickers" by Sinclair Lewis in N.Y. *World-Telegram*.

GREATEST EXAMPLE OF FORESIGHT: The *American Spectator's* review of "Eimi" by E. E. Cummings before the book was off the press.

BEST PROLETARIAN NOVEL: "In God's Land" by Martin Andersen Nexø.

MOST DISAPPOINTING PROLETARIAN NOVEL: "Union Square" by Albert Halper.

BEST LINE IN A BOOK REVIEW: Isidor Schneider in *The Nation*: "... Their trivial enthusiasms made one feel that

outright insanity would have been an intellectual promotion for them."

BEST MYSTERY STORY: "The Case of the Velvet Claws" by Erle Stanley Gardner.

BEST SPORTS WRITING: Westbrook Pegler on Babe Didrickson.

CLEVEREST BOOK JACKET: Boris Aronson's for Miss Lonelyheart.

BEST RADIO HOUR: Rudy Vallee and his entertainers.

PHONIEST RADIO FEATURE: Edwin C. Hill.

BEST PARODY: John Riddell (Corey Ford) on the *American Spectator* in *Vanity Fair*.

BEST BIT OF HUMAN INTEREST REPORTING: The writer, anonymous, who interviewed Kid Broad for the N.Y. *Herald Tribune*.

MOST DESERVING OF A SCALLION: John S. Sumner for his action against "God's Little Acre" by Erskine Caldwell.

BEST ESCAPE BOOK: "True North" by Elliott Merrick.

MOST STARTLING HEADLINE: N. Y. *Times*, April 28, 1933: "Otto Kahn Praises Capitalist System."

BEST REPORTING: F. Raymond Daniell on the Scottsboro Case for the N. Y. *Times*.

F RANKEST NEWSPAPER REMARK: Miss Catherine R. Galvin, assistant publisher of the *Lima (O) News*, is being interviewed: "And I bought this hat in a Lima department store. No French or Fifth Ave. fashions for me. I patronize our own advertisers. Damn it!"

WORST EDITORIAL: "Class Justice" in *The Nation*, May 3, 1933.

BEST LITERARY GAG: "We know you, Hemingway. Take that false hair off your chest."—Max Eastman.

BEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY: "Looking Back" by Norman Douglas. The best but not the most trustworthy.

MOST OVER-RATED DRAMATIC CRITICISM: Percy Hammond in the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*.

BEST POEM: "The Red Front" by Louis Aragon, in a wonderful translation by E. E. Cummings.

BEST WAR BOOK: "Company K" by William March.

WORST WAR BOOK IN HISTORY: There is keen debate about this. Some say
(Continued on page 46)



"Aboy, there! which way did Yale Go?"

"Party
Tonight?"

how's
your
breath
today?

*Don't offend . . . play safe . . . Use Listerine
. . . deodorizes hours longer*

You never can tell when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault. The wise thing to do, then, is to use Listerine before social engagements. No fastidious man or woman would overlook this precaution.

After using Listerine, you *know* that your breath cannot offend others. The moment this amazing antiseptic and deodorant enters the mouth, it cleanses, arrests fermentation, decay, and infection—all causes of odors—then overcomes the odors themselves. *Listerine instantly gets rid of odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours.*

Don't be one of the thousands who take it for granted that their breath

is beyond reproach when, as a matter of fact, it is not. The unwelcome truth is that everyone is a victim of halitosis at some time or another.

You can readily understand why: a few particles of fermenting food, overlooked by the tooth brush, often cause bad breath. A slightly decaying tooth or a leaky filling produces odors. Also, excesses of eating and drinking, and, of course, temporary or chronic infections of the mouth, nose, and throat.

So we say: don't guess about the condition of your breath. Simply keep Listerine handy in home and office, and rinse the mouth with it every morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

BEFORE ALL ENGAGEMENTS

Listerine

INSTANTLY ENDS HALITOSIS



THE COLLEGE PARADE



HE: "Do you like the Four Mills Brothers?"

She: "Oh, I love them. Especially the red-headed one who plays the harp!"
—*Sam Dial.*

"So you're working your way through school. How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother; she thinks I'm selling gin but I'm really editing the humor magazine."
—*Green Goat.*

At a Brown Union Ball, one of the men lost a wallet containing \$600. He got up on a chair and yelled:

"Gentlemen, I've lost a wallet with \$600 in it. To the one who finds it I'll give \$50."

Voice from the rear: "I'll give \$75."
—*Brown Jug.*

Plenty of Practice

Nit passing through hospital ward: "Good moaning, boys."
—*Log.*

"Was that sandwich quite fresh that you sold me just now?"

"Quite, Sir. Each one is wrapped in transparent airtight paper."

"I wish I'd known."
—*Lehigh Burr.*

Foreman—"Well, everything all right?"

Night Watchman—"Yes, I haven't done so bad for the first night. I've checked off everything and there's only one thing missing—the steam roller."

—*Annapolis Log.*

Then there's the chorus girl who gets a grand, and glorious feeling every time the millionaire kisses her.

—*The Owl.*

Girl (at florist's): "Have you my passion poppy?"

Old Clerk (whose spirit at least is willing): "Well gol ding! Just wait till I lay down these roses!"

—*Belle Hop.*

A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.
—*Rammer-Jammer.*

Reptilia

The **STEGOSAURUS** (now extinct) Was quite astonished, people think, To find that up and down his spine Were sharp-toothed ridges in a line. And so he sat with oafish smirk Regretting Nature's handiwork, And after an existence brief, He pined away and died of grief.

The **AXOLOTL** is amusing Because when he is reproducing, He does not wait to come of age, But spawns while in the larval stage. Among all mammals and reptilia There isn't any creature sillia.

The **SALAMANDER**, spotted lizard, Has, instead of teeth, a gizzard. He oft disports himself in flames And calls his mother dirty names. Of all indigenous amphibia Of Madagascar, Crete, or Libya, We don't mind telling you with candor

We prefer the Salamander.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Bride: "Who is the man in the blue coat, darling?"

Groom: "That's the umpire, dear."

Bride: "Why does he wear that funny wire thing over his face?"

Groom: "To keep from biting the ball players, precious."
—*Battalion.*

Not a Prayer

Jailer (to prisoner waiting execution): "You have one hour of grace."

Prisoner: "O. K. Bring her in."
—*California Pelican.*

In darkest Africa two natives were watching a leopard chasing a large, fat man.

"Can you spot the winner?" asked one.

"The winner is spotted," replied the other.
—*Exchange.*

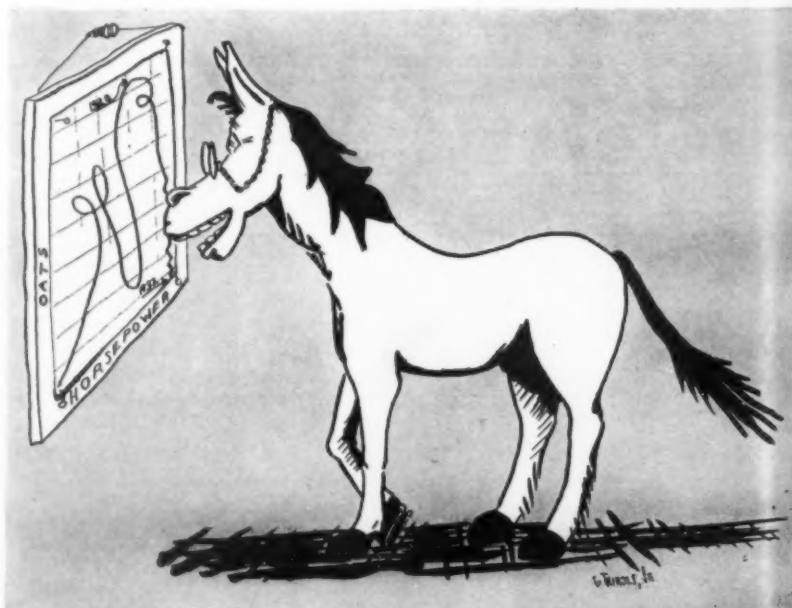
The saying is that heaven will protect the working girl, but who will protect the guy she is working?

—*Awgwan.*

If this poem is printed It's a cinch

The editor needed One more inch.

—*Froth.*



Putting the chart before the horse.

—*M. I. T. Voodoo.*



THE "FOUR HUNDRED" NOW NUMBER MILLIONS

General got its early start on those expensive chauffeur-driven limousines and town cars of another day. Now millions are enjoying the many advantages of General that were once confined to a rather limited clientele. Of course today General's Top Quality costs little compared to several years ago. Then, too, since modern driving has been so speeded up there is greater need for General's safety. Many are finding that General's blowout proof, skid-safe mileage is worth many times the slight difference in cost between Generals and ordinary tires. The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The New
GENERAL
DUAL BALLOON

— goes a long way to make friends

80% MORE NON-SKID . . . 40% LESS AIR . . . BLOWOUT PROOF

GOING TO THE THEATRE

with Don Herold

Flipflops and Flops



which they knew would not succeed, and they had to stage them for a few days to convince their authors they were flops.

I bit my fingernails and I took Hildegard to the circus and otherwise tried to go on living life, but it took a stout heart.

It was Hildegard's first circus, and I was afraid that Ringling Brothers might not make good with her. I wasn't at all sure that their ten million dollar investment and their fifty years of experience would mean a thing to seven-year-old Hildegard. But luckily they got off on their right foot, and pleased her thoroughly. Congratulations, Bros. Ringling.

I wonder if any of the Ringlings ever bounce up and down on those bouncy nets under their trapeze acts. Probably not. With all their millions, probably not. If I were a millionaire, I would have one of those nets in my living room and spend considerable time bouncing on it. Unless the Ringlings do have such nets, I'd say they miss the whole point of owning their own circus and the whole point of being millionaires.

The big talk of the circus this year is Clyde Beatty, and I don't especially

MANY eggs have been laid end to end on Broadway since last I wrote here. It seems that a lot of producers had plays on hand

like him. He torments a lot of lions and tigers into growling at him and pawing at him, and my sympathies are largely with the lions and tigers. I really don't think Beatty is so much courageous as he is cruel and perhaps even idiotic; at least, I feel that we need less of his kind of courage in the world; as a race, we are far too fond of starting trouble in order to get a chance to show our valor.

I'll tell you about some real courage. We used to bring Doris (our older) home from the circus sick, almost every time. Well, it took intestinal fortitude for me not to tote a thermometer and take Hildegard's temperature every half hour to see how she was coming along. That's the kind of guts of which we need more in this world.

I think my own big moment at the circus was the act of the Wallenda family, who are perhaps the only family in America to achieve a balance since 1929. And I liked the seals; on the whole, I believe seals are our best people. Some of the elephant routines seem a little dumb to me, even for elephants.

The circus has advanced in many ways. They no longer label the living statues ("Justice," etc.), and this year they have one statue with real running water. But the blonde still wins, invariably, the standing-straddle hippo-

drome race; if the circus were entirely modern, she would have to win on merit, just like a man.

...

THERE were two or three good plays among the month's unblest events.

I think the stillest I have ever sat for a whole evening was at *Nine Pine Street*, with Lillian Gish, or vice versa. It happens I have always been out of town or otherwise out of luck every time Miss Gish has appeared on the non-celluloid stage, but henceforth I shall be on the spot. I had naturally supposed that Mr. David Griffith had told her explicitly how to tear my heart



I would like to spend a lot of time socially with trained seals.

out in *The Birth of a Nation*, but I know now that it was something within Miss Gish which was telling her, even back in those old days, how to act hell-bent-for-heaven. Mr. Griffith may have put in some of the semaphoring and face-wringing, but Miss Gish had what she had.

This Gish does not waste an eye-bat or lift a little finger vainly in *Nine Pine Street*. She says unsaid lines that scream at you. I'm trying to say that the girl is good.

And the play is good. As noted above, I was tense from start to finish, and it's pretty hard to get Old Herold tense, outside of the home circle.

It's a murder show, and by no means a lark, but it is so quietly powerful that it is well worth several of your fish.

Robert Harrison and Roberta Beatty, the murderers, were so effectively hateful that I'd a got them myself pretty soon if Miss Gish hadn't. The play, you know, is based on the actual case of the Borden murders in Fall River of forty years ago.

I'd rather see Lillian Gish in a roomful of hateful relatives, any day, than Clyde Beatty in a cageful of irritated and annoyed lions and tigers.

...

MUCH as I like Gilbert and Sullivan, I somehow wish that Mr. Aborn would give us split performances of their pieces. I mean, I would like to see one act of *Yeomen of the Guard* or something and then a *Mickey Mouse*, and then go home and come back some time and see another



How some of our recent plays have come to be produced.

act of *Yeomen of the Guard* or something and another *Mickey Mouse*. Even in a museum of the best pictures in the world, my insteps go back on me after the first half hour.

Though *The Comic Artist* got off to a fine start and had many compelling moments, I found myself wishing for a libretto along towards the end. It seemed misty, muffled, and far away, there towards the finish, and I wondered what all the shooting was for. That earlier promise of a clean, decisive, eventual knockout does not materialize. I'm sorry, because there is so much in it that is good.

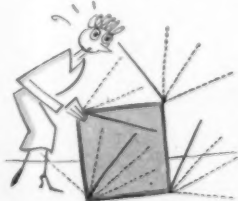
The disappointment starts with that second scene in the second act, in which the comic artist and his sister-in-law are sitting in the lantern light on the back steps and pretending that they don't know that *his* wife and *her* husband are out on the sand dunes together. The show goes dank and funky and Eugene O'Neillish right there, and you wish that somebody would tinker with the carburetor and thin the mixture. And at the end of the last act, everything seems to go haywire, at least to a critic who draws a little himself in his own quaint way, and is perhaps a bit thick *up here*, as a comic artist is supposed to be.

And if I ever write a play, you can bet I won't include a folding bridge table in the cast. You can't trust a bridge table. You can't time it. The dialogue and the *fold* never come out even.

Now for a few obituaries:

Man Bites Dog was the newspaper play to end newspaper plays. Though the blaboid, in the office of which this plot and this egg were laid, had a circulation of only 10,000, the playwrights wrote in enough arm-waving, enough profanity, enough vulgarity, enough telephoning, enough paper on the floor and enough "get thises" to produce a paper with a circulation of two million.

Maybe I'll miss a chariot race or something some day by following my two-acts-or-never policy. I'm sincere in my belief that when



If I ever write a play, I won't include a bridge table in the props.



TELEPHONE LINES . . . putting her in instant two-way communication with a larger world—broadening her interests and extending her influence—rendering more simple the important business of managing a household. No item of home equipment contributes more to the security, the happiness and the efficiency of millions of women than the telephone.

The telephone has helped to make the nation a neighborhood and keep *you* close to people and places. Quickly, and at small cost, you can talk with almost any one, anywhere . . . in the next block, the next county, a distant state, or on a ship at sea.

There are times when being "in touch" is vital, urgent . . . a sound in the night, a whiff of smoke, a sudden illness. There are times when the mere convenience of the telephone gives it an important place among life's necessities . . . to shop from your home, to chat with a friend, to handle, quickly and efficiently, the varied duties of a busy household. And there are times—many times daily—when the telephone is the indispensable right arm of business.

To make this possible, the Bell System provides millions of miles of wire and the services of an army of trained employees. They stand ready to answer your call; they offer you the service of a friend.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



a show hasn't made good by the end of the second act I owe it to my clients to go home and pine for better things in the theatre. Two acts of *Strange Gods* were all I could bear. It was set in the old hokum swamps of Florida, with alligators moanin' at the door, and that good-for-nothin' Jason lying on his stomach, like Abraham Lincoln, gettin' book larnin' out of some books given him by a city lady whose husband, etc.

Her Tin Soldier must have sounded

like a wonderful idea on paper, and that is right back where it is now. Just think of having a Roxy usher and a West Point cadet in love with the same girl. Can't you imagine the playwright's best friends exclaiming: "Boy, you've got something!" Mr. Cain has it now.

I had many a lusty yawn at *The 3-Penny Opera* before I went into a complete coma. There must have been some justice in my indifference, because this one, too, has gone to storage. (Your New York comaspondent!)

THE BIG THREE TO CALIFORNIA

S. S. VIRGINIA S. S. CALIFORNIA
S. S. PENNSYLVANIA



SPACIOUS DECKS

just made for Loafing

WITH your first glance at these great liners you can tell that *here*, on the *Big Three*, your vacation pleasure will start the moment you step aboard!

For these liners are really large—large enough to provide every facility for a gay good time. The serene spaciousness of their inviting decks... their roomy cabins... the gracious hospitality of their appointments... yes, everything about them says pleasure, *just loads of it*, all the way.

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No. 1 Broadway, New York; 216 North
Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 687 Market
Street, San Francisco. Other offices
in principal cities. Agents everywhere.



QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams

Prize Winners



DEAR PROF: Has anyone ever discovered a practical way of removing candy noiselessly from cellophane in a theatre?—Joseph J. Gudonis, 1014 Melon St., Phila., Pa.

Dear Joe: Yes. A Mr. J. Garrison Stringlebinde of Ventnor City, N. J., has perfected an apparatus (which he calls "A Practical Device for Removing Candy Noiselessly from Cellophane") consisting of a large square box containing a phonograph and storage space for six candy bars. In one side of the box are two holes large enough to admit the hands of the candy addict, and a handle on the top makes the device portable provided the user rides to the theatre in a taxi. When the candy fiend, seated in the theatre, can no longer resist his craving for the stuff, he places his hands through the holes in the box and throws a switch. This starts the phonograph, which plays a specially recorded coughing record, under which barrage of sound the candy addict unwraps and eats the bar at leisure. The device has not enjoyed a large sale, however, because no candy muncher would derive any pleasure from a Boopy-Doopy bar unless he spoiled the show for others with the actual noise of crackling paper.

Dear Prof: Is there any record of a correspondence school reporting unfavourably on an "aptitude test" sent in by a prospective student?—S. Q. Knott, 15881 Woodingham Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Dear Knott: This happened just once. A writer named Breck Moran of New York City once answered a cartoon school ad, and received an aptitude test which he executed with his left hand while temporarily blinded by a large cinder in his right eye. The cartoon school reported that the drawing showed excellent professional technique and that a drawing course would be superfluous. Mr. Moran put the drawing on exhibition and won a \$500.00 prize, \$100.00 of which he sent to the school out of sheer gratitude. The school forwarded him a complete course by return mail and now, after two years of diligent study, Mr. Moran is unable to draw a straight line.

Dear Prof: Has anyone, before reading the ads, ever heard of the "eminent European" doctors and scientists who endorse soaps, yeast, and so forth?—Miss Urkel Daniel, 1332 Myrtle Ave., Long Beach, Cal.

Dear Miss Daniel: An ad reader in Sioux City, Ia., once investigated the matter and reports the following:

First letter sent to "famous doctor" in Vienna who wrote back as follows: "Sir: Wat ees theez stoff you call heem soap? I am eensult. Caramba!"

Second letter addressed to distinguished scientist in Paris returned marked "No such address."



"Thank God for Roosevelt and his reforestation program!"

At this point the investigation was summarily dropped and the ad reader set to work on his report which concludes: "If you buy a certain brand of soap just because some doctor you never heard of endorses it, why you're just plain nuts."

Dear Glenn: A Mr. James N. Downs of Germantown, Pa., had a special outfit designed for this purpose. It consisted of a coat loosely sewn on a wire frame, and it brought nothing but grief to the shine boys. Upon leaving the barber shop, Mr. Downs would submit to the assaults of the whisk broom but the moment the brush touched the coat, the basted material was torn away from the frame and the suit fell to pieces. Mr. Downs never failed to collect damages and, in fact, made a living at it for several years, until the Federal Government got him for income tax evasions.

Dear John: This has puzzled restaurant patrons for years but the answer is simple. With only enough syrup to dampen the top cake, customers generally leave the other two for the restaurant owner to sell as tire and trouser patches, office chair cushions, door mats, and bathtub stoppers. Recently a generous restaurant proprietor sent a cargo of unused hot cakes to some starving Eskimos who, after sampling them, made blankets out of the con-
signment and kept right on starving.

BE a Queerrespondent! This department will pay **\$5 each for accepted questions.** There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City. Send in *your* questions now!

and in
*Tourist Class and
Third Class to
England • France
Ireland • Germany*

**Write for folder
"Gemütlichkeit"**

The Line of the Bremen and Europa

57 Broadway, New York City

Offices and Agents Everywhere

THE MOVIES

As Seen By Harry Evans



UNWIND-ING almost upon each other's tails, as one might say, three films of unusual interest have been offered by M-G-M during the past couple of fortnights. Listing them in the reverse order of their importance, just to be different, they are *Hell Below*, *Reunion in Vienna*, and *Looking Forward*. I can't remember having seen three more earnest efforts made by a single movie firm in so short a space of time.

Looking Forward is one of those rare delights the screen creates only once in a coon's age . . . a picture that achieves power through restraint. At no time does anyone shout or scream—there is no effort to be dramatic—the thread of romance is never rolled up in a bundle and stuck in front of your eyes—and at no time do you catch one of the characters trying to sneak up and take a reef in your heartstrings. Yet the film is rich in all these emotional urges. You'll laugh at bits of conversation you won't be able to remember, and weep over situations that may seem trivial if you try to recount them. The answer is sincerity. The cast is headed by the two finest character players on the screen—Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone—and the supporting players seem to gain inspiration from their earnestness. In the credits you will see, "Directed by Clarence Brown." That line is getting to be a guarantee of excellence.

The story concerns the depression—in an English locale. Mr. Stone is the head of a department store noted for its idealistic standards and fair dealing. Circumstances cause him to consider sacrificing the honor and prestige of his house to avert a crash. The advice of a clerk of forty years service (Mr. Barrymore) and the loyalty of his children make him change his mind. A simple story, simply told, but one of

the finest sermons on courage, loyalty and gentility I have ever seen.

Don't miss it. Take the whole family (and an extra handkerchief).

...

Reunion in Vienna is what the boys in the trade call a "class" picture. With John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard heading a colorful cast—Director Sidney Franklin having the good sense to stick closely to the action as performed in the stage play—and the adaptors sticking even more closely to Author Robert E. Sherwood's superlative dialog, the result is delightful.



"It took me years of practise to learn to do this."

The story has to do with a group of broken-down Viennese monarchists, who return to Vienna to stage a party and re-live, for a night, the glories of bygone days. In the party is a grand duke, come to re-woo his love of ten years before. She is now married to a highly respected psychiatrist, who insists that she attend the gathering, that she may face her old temptation . . . and master it. Whether she does or not depends on your own personal opinion. In the last scene Mr. Barry-

more walks out of a bedroom. It is up to you to decide whether it is the lady's or not.

The film has its drawbacks. For instance, there are times when John seems more a weary man of fifty-odd rather than the happy victim of a persistent biological urge. It is also true that the shot of him barelegged in shirt-tails does not further this romantic illusion. (Masculinity in the raw is seldom mild.) Then there is Miss Wynyard. Perhaps it was "Cavalcade"—maybe it is just this writer's idea of what's what—er—physically. At any rate Miss Wynyard seems more matronly to me than alluring. I can't quite believe that she could waltz with abandon (a difficult trick even for a hussy), and I am not convinced that she is being loose,

no matter what motions she goes through on the screen.

Fortunately, however, the sex in *Reunion* is always just a jump away from a laugh . . . which is just as it should be.

I believe you'll like this picture—but park Junior with the neighbors.

...

HELL BELOW is a war story, which depends on the spectacle of extreme sacrifice for dramatic climax. It is a man's picture about men, with the romantic angle soft-pedalled. For added entertainment Jimmie Durante is eased in and, as usual, gets plenty of laughs. His boxing match with a kangaroo is sure to set his fans in gales.

The story has its absurdities. A submarine officer disobeys the orders of his superior. The breach causes the loss of a number of lives. Yet the only punishment meted out is dismissal from the service. Such an action in war time would more than likely draw a prison term, or worse.

Technical sticklers will also be affronted when the officer gets back on the sub as a stowaway. However, these irregularities lead up to a finish that is worth a stretch of imagination. The climax shows the discharged officer and his buddy doing a patriotic suicide by steering a dynamite-laden submarine under the bridge of an important enemy fortress, and blowing themselves up

with the fortifications. Noise no end.

The pals are Robert Montgomery and Robert Young. The girl they both love is Madge Evans. The sub commander is Walter Huston. Fine performances, excellent technical direction, and distinctive photography.

• • •

Paramount's chief contribution of the month was *Bedtime Story*, starring Maurice Chevalier. It is a gay picture full of the risque fun Maurice handles so blithely, but at last M. Chevalier has had a film stolen right from under his nose. The actor who does the trick is an infant known as Baby Leroy . . . and a cuter kid you never saw in your life.

Director Norman Taurog never had a simpler assignment. Anytime the comedy between Maurice and Edward Everett Horton slows up, or the love interest with Helen Twelvetrees cools down, Norman brings the kid into the picture, and the pace immediately steps up.

The scene in which Edward shaves Maurice and the one during which Maurice splashes water in Edward's face to amuse the baby, will give you plenty of laughs.

• • •

Revuettes

"ZOO IN BUDAPEST" (Fox)

Cast. Loretta Young, Gene Raymond, O. P. Heggie, Wally Albright.

Comment. The only criticism is that the film attempts to do too much. The action ranges between a sort of "Lilliom" theme (to please the high-brows) to extravagant splashes of blood-and-thunder (to goosebump the average fan). Moments of extraordinary photographic beauty—a smash finish with animals loose in the zoo—and excellent performances by the principals . . . particularly Mr. Raymond, who displays all the high qualifications for stardom this writer has previously predicted that he possessed.

Decision. Yes.

"BE MINE TONIGHT" (Gaumont-British)

Cast. Jan Kiepura, Sonnie Hale, Magda Schneider, Edmund Gwenn.

Comment. A foreign-made musical film that is distinguished by the excellent warbling of Mr. Kiepura, and some especially pleasant photography. Story tells how a famous tenor plays hookey from engagements to get away from it all, and falls in love with a maiden in a Swiss village. The humor is typically British, and a bit heavy, but Kiepura's singing (including operatic stuff in addition to the title theme song) is worth hearing. This lad photographs well and is at ease on the screen. He should get places.

Decision. Yes—if you enjoy high-class tenoring.

BUT DON'T SEE . . .

Justice Takes A Holiday, The Past Of Mary Holmes, Love Is Like That, So This Is Africa, Diplomaniacs, Savage Girl.



"Well, I'm glad to meet a fellow-member of the Palmolive Coupon Clippers' Club!"

Millions have clipped the coupon below—we invite you to clip it and join our club—discover the modern way to shave by accepting 10 days' supply.

"It seemed sort of sporting to be told to try Palmolive first—then buy later if I liked it. That's how I came to join the Palmolive Coupon Clippers' Club. Must have a lot of confidence in their product to make a deal like that.

"When my tube arrived I tried it. Now I understand why 86 men out of every 100 remain Palmolive customers. Palmolive is entirely different from all other shaving creams."

Why Palmolive is favorite

There are 5 reasons why Palmolive is the world's first selling shaving cream. Each one is revolutionary.

1. *Multiplies itself 250 times in lather.* Hence goes farther. One 35c tube gives over 150 shaves.

2. *Acts in 1 minute.* Each whisker is oil-coated. Palmolive emulsifies, removes oil instantly. Then within 60 seconds each hair absorbs 15% of water. Wiry hairs turn soft like wax.

3. *Lasts 10 minutes on the face*—lather does not dry out—no re-lathering—no sore, irritated faces.

4. *Lather is stiff.* Strong bubbles hold hairs erect for clean, close cutting.

5. *Acts like lotion.* Olive and palm oil content soothes the skin—gives lotion-like effect.

Will you accept a 10-day tube?

Those are the facts that win 86 men out of every 100 who accept this offer. Write your name below. A week from now you'll thank us if you do.

TRY 10 SHAVES



Send Coupon

Insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps to cover postage only to Palmolive, Dept. 232, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada, address: Dept. 232, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto).

(Please print your name and address)

Something About Life's Fresh Air Fund

The answer to questions you may be asking about Life's camps, which will open for the summer on July 1.

Q. WHAT is this Fresh Air Fund, anyway?

Q. Why do you do it?

Q. Is it important?

Q. What class of children do you take?

Q. How much does it cost?

Q. Can it be done more cheaply?

Q. Where do you send the children?

Q. Why don't you have a surplus to draw from in times like these?

Q. Can you get through this season?

Q. Where should I send my contribution?

A. A MOVEMENT started by LIFE Magazine 45 years ago to give poor city children a two-weeks' vacation in the country. To date, approximately \$650,000.00 has been spent to provide over 56,000 vacations.

A. Primarily because John Ames Mitchell, the founder of LIFE, derived much personal pleasure in furthering this activity and because we have inherited both the responsibility and the pleasure.

A. It is hard to say what is important these days. But Mussolini, Hitler and even Stalin think children pretty important in the scheme of things.

A. Only one class but of all denominations. Those children whose parents and families are registered with charity organizations having regular contact with them through their case workers.

A. About \$15.00 for a two-weeks' vacation.

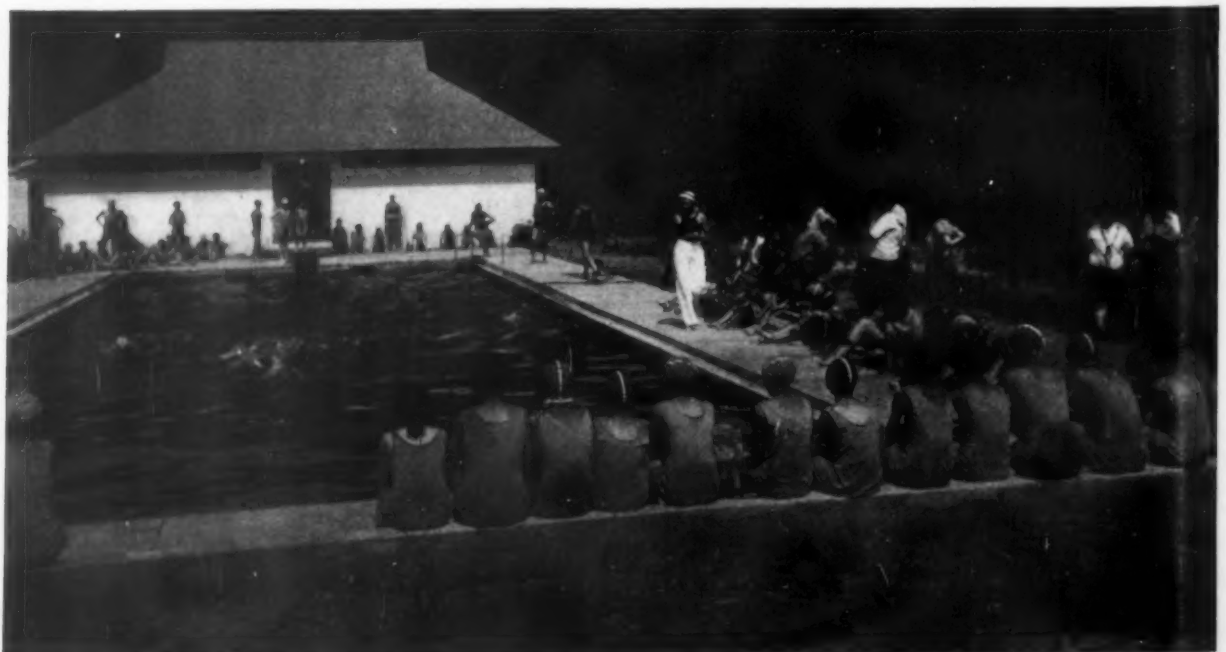
A. Perhaps, but not if we are to provide medical examination and directed play against organic weaknesses, examination and urgent repair of teeth, instruction in swimming, crafts, citizenship, and plenty of wholesome, strength-building foods.

A. LIFE has two summer Camps—for Girls at Branchville, Conn., and for Boys at Pottersville, N. J.

A. Because donations sent to us are intended to take children to the country, not to build surpluses. We take as many each year as money will allow.

A. Not unless the satisfaction from this sort of work is shared by more people. We plan to take 1,000 children, and can take as many more as funds will allow.

A. Contributions should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City. They will be acknowledged in LIFE later on, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.



The swimming pool at the girls' camp in Branchville, Conn. The boys' camp is located at Pottersville, N. J.



What can you do with *"Still Lives"*

TABLEWARE BY B. ALTMAN & CO.

LIFE will gladly demonstrate the merits of reproducing your product in direct color photography. Your advertisement in quality four color printing on this page would cost only eight hundred dollars. Include LIFE in your advertising program.

JOSEPH A. McDONOUGH
ADVERTISING MANAGER

LIFE MAGAZINE, INCORPORATED
60 East 42nd Street New York City



**LIFE
MAGAZINE
Inc.**

takes pleasure
in introducing a new pub-
lication:

University

A quality magazine fea-
turing fiction, humor and
personalities.

A magazine of infinite
variety . . . dedicated to
the field of youth.

A magazine edited by and
for college people.

UNIVERSITY in its first
issue will contain a short
novel by Mildred Cram,
sports by Grantland Rice,
humor by Sam Hellman,
Robert Benchley, Montague
Glass, Jeff Machamer, Dr.
Seuss, and others. Also hu-
mor from the colleges and
many additional features.

25c

University

on sale now

LIFE'S TRADEMARK CONTEST

Winners of the April Awards

HERE are the winners of the \$100.00 in prizes offered in the April Trademark Contest. First prize of \$50.00 has been awarded to **Dana C. Wells**, 39 Broad St., Newburyport, Mass., for his letter about Squibb's products. Second prize of \$25.00 went to **Major John T. Rhett**, Box 476, Davidson, N. C. Third prize, \$10.00, to **Mrs. A. L. Sinclair**, Drawer X, Bisbee, Ariz. Fourth, fifth, and sixth prizes of \$5.00 each have been awarded to **Norman W. Cook**, 286 Robin Rd., Englewood, N. J., **William J. Ward**, Jefferson Valley, N. Y., and **Mrs. Edna Root-Peebles**, 6450 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill. Honorable Mention goes to **A. B. Bruce**, 699 Broadway, Everett, Mass., **Rev. Fred M. Adams**, Hotel Alcazar, Cleveland, O., **Mrs. H. E. Vaughan**, 629 W.

Park Ave., Waterloo, Ia., **Edmund S. Middleton**, 1628 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md., **Margaret Greenwood**, 8 Short Hill Rd., Forest Hills, N. Y., **Harry L. Selden**, 48 Ridge Drive, Yonkers, N. Y., and **Loa G. Winegar**, 306 State St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

The products represented by the April trademarks are as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Old Dutch Cleaner | 8. Pontiac automobile |
| 2. Ethyl gasoline | 9. Canada Dry ginger ale |
| 3. Cadillac automobile | 10. RCA Victor |
| 4. Bell Telephone | 11. Campbell soups |
| 5. Heinz Varieties | 12. Squibb's products |
| 6. Texaco gasoline | 13. Goodyear Rubber Co. |
| 7. Maxwell House coffee | 14. International Mercantile Marine |
| | 15. LIFE |

No prizes are offered for the trademarks illustrated below—they are printed only for your amusement. See how many you can identify from memory.



How many of these can you identify? You should be able to fill in at least ten of the dotted lines within two minutes. (Answers on page 46.)



It's Sport

FROM PORT TO PORT

if you follow the "50 timers"

The sea is dotted with good ships . . . but it needn't be confusing, the choosing of just the right ship for your ocean trip!

Just follow the "50 Timers." The 50 Timers —those seasoned, seagoing men and women who know travel . . . and out of their wealth of experience have chosen White Star Liners *50 times and more!* They know that on White Star it's really 3000 miles of feasting and fun, of quiet luxury and perfect, unobtrusive service —and sport from port to port!

The 50 Timers' favorites: *Majestic*, world's largest ship; famous *Olympic*; *Georgic* (new) and *Britannic*, England's largest motor liners; the favorite *Adriatic*.

For sailings to Ireland, England and France, see your local agent—the travel authority in your community.



WHITE STAR

★ LINE ★

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE CO.

No. 1 Broadway, New York

Other offices in principal cities.

Agents everywhere

In **ENGLAND**

make Grosvenor House

YOUR HEADQUARTERS

★ Just book your rooms at Grosvenor House—leave all your heavy baggage there and travel around England in *comfort*—unhampered by trunks and hatboxes. Grosvenor House will gladly make all arrangements for you—for English or Continental travel. You'll like Grosvenor House. Your room is exactly what you expect in a first-class hotel—your private bathroom a triumph of gleaming tiles—with a shower and running iced drinking water. Yet the tariff is very reasonable—a double room



for 1½ guineas (\$6.00), a single room for 1 guinea (\$4.00), a suite for 2 guineas (\$8.00)!

For enjoyment there is the restaurant with its great windows facing the wide stretches of Hyde Park; dance music by the Grosvenor House Band, and something really amusing in the way of floor-show. At noon the Tudor Grill, where you can get baked Virginia ham and succotash just as easily as roast beef! Victor's Bar, and the deep-cushioned comfort of the great lounge for your cocktails . . . *Make Grosvenor House your English Headquarters.*

An illustrated booklet will be sent you if you write the Manager

GROSVENOR HOUSE

Park Lane
L O N D O N

CABLE • GROVHOWS, AUDLEY, LONDON

THE WOMAN'S SLANT



Brow Beaten

TAKE a good look round you and get your fill of beetling brows, for soon there'll be none left. That same zeal with which Nestle permanently waved women's hair has now been shifted to the area of the brow. "Out," is the Nestle motto for the heavy brow! Out by means of a new electric pincer which painlessly nips unruly hairs and cajoles shapely arches where once were bushy brows. The whole process takes 7 or 8 minutes, and is at this minute being installed in department stores' beauty shops the country over. The prospect of skimpy-browed women seems anything but pleasing. We blame Greta Garbo for popularizing this madness. Strip a woman of her brows, and her face is robbed of much of its character. Given a choice of a bristling brow or a tortured looking hair-line, we side with a brow that is a brow. But between a shaven brow and one tweezed by Nestle's painless electric nipper, we're on the Nestle side.

High Hat Talk

If you can call up a friend, and in the plagiarized words of "Lilliom," inquire, "Good evening, sir. How are you, sir? What time is it?" and receive a prompt answer, then it's safe to assume you are making conversation with a proud and arrogant owner of an Empire Phone. This is the aristocrat of all telephones. To begin with, it has a clock set into the circle round which the dial numbers revolve. Secondly it is mounted on a magnificent gold or silver plate base, or one of pastel enamel

to match any room. As if this were all! Each corner of this massive mounting is upheld by a metal bird—a cross between an American eagle and an owl. The Nomad Electrical Engineers have put their all into this aristocratic telephone, describing it as created for those of wealth and refinement, in modern homes and offices. It costs a hundred dollars to equip it. How one could keep up a flow of conversation elegant and refined enough to sound impressive over this snooty phone is beyond us.

This Month's Madnresses

KOMFY-TOPS are women's hosiery which give and give and give. They've got a super-stretch hem which expands to the width of a waistline, though the stockings reach only to just above the knees. Lord & Taylor sells 'em and larger ladies love 'em.

EAT YOUR NECKLACE if you're hungry and would rather have it within you than on your neck. Provided, of course, it's one of those new French necklaces made of macaroni and colored with fruit juice. These bits of spaghetti are cut like beads and strung. They say Frenchmen enjoy eating them right off their ladies' necks.

NE-TEBS are sister to Eye-Tebis. The former are artificial finger nails to clamp on over your own, with a good, sticky glue which resists swimming, bathing, filing and polishing. Ne-Tebis come in shell pink, red and blood red. Eye-Tebis are, of course, artificial eyelashes to give that heavy-lidded, world-weary look. Macy's sells both, admitting they're more than a little on the mad side, but what can they do if their public demands them?



"I'm out of the frying pans into the garbage."

Park Lane

A Hotel of Distinction

PARK AVENUE

48th to 49th Streets, NEW YORK



Summer Rates Now In Effect

If you plan to come to New York for a vacation, there is one hotel ideally situated to make a visit most pleasantly memorable. Just as those who find it necessary to remain in town plan their summer residence at Park Lane for complete comfort and enjoyment.

Park Lane is the year-round center of social activities, and consequently an address of distinction. The atmosphere is quiet and exclusive. The famous Tapestry Room offers a notable cuisine which is also available in the rooms. The suites are comfortable and charmingly furnished.

And finally, the summer schedule of rentals now in effect will add to the pleasure of a transient or summer-long visit.

THE RATES

ROOM AND BATH
by the day from \$4.00
by the month from \$100

TWO ROOM SUITES
daily from \$8.00
monthly from \$200

PRIX FIXE
LUNCHEON \$1.00
DINNER \$2.00

HARRY TAIT, GENERAL MANAGER
299 Park Ave., New York
Telephone: Wickersham 2-4100

Are You Wearing?

Black linen suits? White piqué hats? Dotted satin dinner frocks? Organdie dance dresses with gloves to match? Is your linen suit wrinkle-proof and Neva-wet rain-proofed? Have you made the acquaintance of Eden's wave shampoo, a dry-cleaning shampoo which keeps your wave in instead of washing it out? Long beach dresses? Eel gray shoes with gray costumes? Two tones of eye shadow (Richard Hudnut says you must.)? Gloves with stretchable Lastex palms? Twin sweaters, including a cardigan and matching slipon? Clothes made by American designers? Collar-and-cuff sets of fine perle beads? Jewelled hair ornaments for evening? Mother-of-pearl Fleurette boutonnières with tailored street costumes? Gingham bathing suits? Divided bicycle skirts? *You should be!*

...

Style Sextette

Everyone knows that Hollywood has been trying to lasso the fashion capital from Paris, France to California, U. S. A. And successful, too, up to a point. At least, splinters of the style championship have gotten as far as New York and have taken root in a number of bright young girls who have received Fifth Avenue sponsorship at the hand of Lord & Taylor, as leading young American designers. There's Elizabeth Hawes, whose emblem is a pair of shears rampant and rarin' to go. There's Muriel King, former fashion artist and now seamstress to the snooty and élite. There's Clare Potter, whose ideas in sports and street fashions you're probably wearing now and don't know it. And there's Ruth Payne and Alice Smith, both exponents of the practical-but-not prosaic school of attire, which makes you look your prettiest and, at the same time, feel quite at ease in clothes.

MAY SOLUTION

R	A	B	B	I	T	S		G	A	Z	E	T	T	E
O	G	R	E		A	P	R	I	L		N	O	R	M
M	E	E	T		B	R	A	V	E		D	R	U	B
A	D	D	S		L	I	V	E	R		S	E	E	R
N					T	E	N	A	N	T	S		A	
C	O	B	R	A		G	G				C	O	L	I
E	R	R	O	R	S		E	S	C	A	P	A	D	E
G	I	N	G	E	R		M	E	R	I	N	O		
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C	L	E	W		R	I	V	A	L		O	R	A	L
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E	V	I	L		N	E	S	T	S		L	I	E	S
S	E	T	T	L	E	R		S	H	I	E	L	D	S



THEY ALL WELCOMED JIM IN A FOURSOME BUT NOBODY LIKED TO FOLLOW HIM IN THE SHOWER

HE was one of those men everybody liked. But he was thoughtless.

Wherever he walked barefoot he spread a stealthy infection, and those who followed in his footsteps were likely to develop that unpleasant and often serious skin disease known as "Athlete's Foot."

Danger signals—watch for them Use Absorbine Jr.

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" and not know what it is. Examine the skin between your toes. Moist, red skin, itching cracks, dead-white peeling skin—all these symptoms call for immediate application of Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests demonstrate that Absorbine Jr. quickly kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot" when reached.

But don't stop when you get relief. Avoid the constant risk of re-infection. In hotel bathrooms, in showers and locker-rooms—even in your own spotless bathroom, this hardy germ lurks and attacks bare feet. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill this germ. Keep on using Absorbine Jr. as a wise precaution.

Don't try to curb "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

with cheap substitutes
Delays can be dangerous

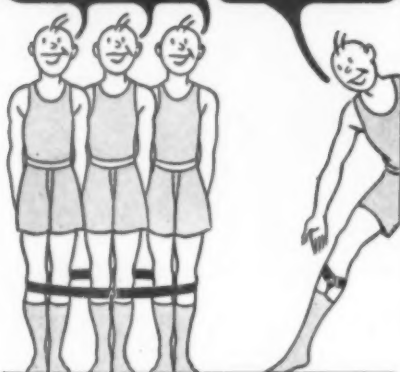
Absorbine Jr. at all druggists, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, bruises, aches, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, insomnia

ENCIRCLE
SIX LEGS
EASILY—

YET FIT
ONE LEG
PERFECTLY



EXTRA LONG STRETCH PARIS GARTERS

FOR GREATER COMFORT

Happy legs are here again!

A new deal in comfort. No binding—no slipping—just a joy. Fit perfectly—wear longer. Made of extra long stretch, long lasting Steinweave Elastic—found only in Paris Garters. Price to please you, too!

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Made in U.S.A. by A. Stein & Company

SELECT THIS HOTEL FOR YOUR SUMMER VISIT TO NEW YORK

When you come to the "first city of the world" for a vacation of thrills and shopping, enjoy the added pleasure of living in the new, smart center of New York . . . at the modern Hotel Montclair. The Montclair is adjacent to all the railroad and important bus terminals, the better shops and the glamorous theatrical district.



800 ROOMS . . . EACH WITH
BATH, SHOWER, RADIO

SINGLE from \$2.50 to \$5.00 per day
Weekly from \$15.00

DOUBLE from \$3.50 to \$6.00 per day
Weekly from \$21.00

HOTEL MONTCLAIR

Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, N. Y. C.

CONTENTS NOTED

(Continued from page 30)

Arthur Guy Empey and others hold out for Private Peet. I lean toward Peet, after thinking it over.

APOLOGIES OF 1933: With this issue, Mr. Crichton wishes to make a declaration, which is that in the future anybody confiding to him a good story will have to accompany it with an affidavit and a letter from his pastor. You may have noticed last month, and been embarrassed thereby, the communication from Messrs. A. & C. Boni that they were not the gentlemen involved in the famous tale of Edmund Wilson and the book of poems. The culprit who told Mr. Crichton this story, with due gestures, has since left town, thus saving himself or Mr. Crichton. Previous to that there had been the little matter of the Book-of-the-Month Club, another case of misplaced confidence. The gentleman who furnished that morsel was last seen passing through Texarkana, Arkansas, or Texas, I can never remember which.

Mr. Crichton is now about to tell another story which seems apropos and which was originally told by "Bugs" Baer and reported in *Variety*. It seems there was an ambitious young man who came to New York to be a writer and started sending his stories to the *Saturday Evening Post* in Philadelphia. The first story was returned with a polite letter of regret from Mr. Lorimer; the second was returned with an ordinary rejection slip; the third was returned unopened; and after that they used to meet the train down at Trenton and send them back.

That is the story and Mr. Crichton is now prepared to make all apologies. If there is no such man as Bugs Baer, he apologizes. If *Variety* never published it, he apologizes. If Mr. Lorimer is angry at having his name used, he apologizes. If trains don't stop at Trenton, he apologizes. If no young man ever came to New York to be a writer, he apologizes. And, most of all, if you've heard the story before, he most certainly apologizes, and also withdraws.

Trademarks on Page 42

- | | |
|----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. LaSalle car | 7. Bon Ami cleaner |
| 2. Plymouth car | 8. Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothing |
| 3. Anheuser-Busch beer | 9. Wrigley's gum |
| 4. Cream of Wheat | 10. Baker's chocolate & cocoa |
| 5. Gold Dust Twins cleaner | 11. Fisher bodies |
| 6. Arm & Hammer soda | 12. Flit |

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By the day . . .

AT THE

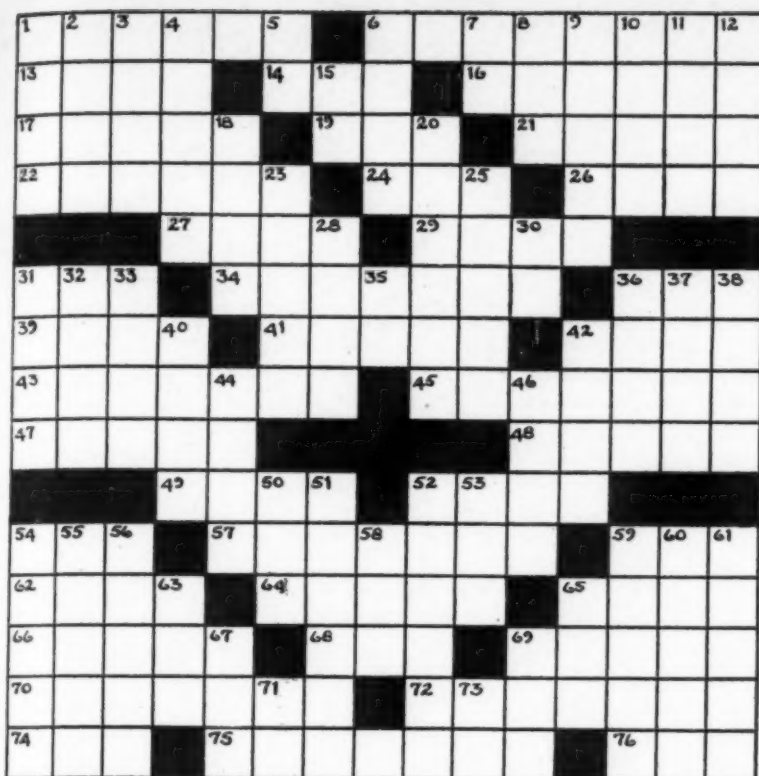
SHERRY-

NETHERLAND

on Central Park . . . New York

+

Fifth Avenue at 59th Street



HORIZONTAL

1. Something to eat.
6. The oldest state University.
13. A distinctive air.
14. Something new from fish.
16. Country known for its canal system.
17. Hold water.
19. Fashion.
21. To cleave.
22. Biggest women in the country.
24. Suffer.
26. Tear apart.
27. A noisy come-back.
29. Always making it hot for the Irish.
31. Go wrong.
34. Education by the Yard.
36. Usually comes with the lamb.
39. Well groomed.
41. These we never forward.
42. Triangular branch of mathematics.
43. Education usually comes by these.
45. Simply ripping.
47. Unconsciousness of considerable duration.
48. Round cross pieces.
49. Scotch shorts.
52. Partner.
54. Bow.
57. Paper holders.
59. A question of method.
62. A foundation timber.
64. A growth on the face.
65. Festivity.
66. Getting around quickly.
68. Hard seed.
69. Violently fanatical.
70. What a sea captain takes on his ship.
72. Maltreating.
74. In advance of the event.
75. Hold out.
76. Dress, as flax.

VERTICAL

1. Takes away without paying.
2. Conduct publication.
3. Horse play.
4. Dispute.
5. The trust buster.
6. Tramps like this square.
7. Hanging or electrocution in brief.
8. Present ownership by a third person.
9. Unable to move.
10. Donated.
11. So be it.
12. Aromatic medicinal oil.
15. Proceeding from.
18. To scratch a design.
20. Go off.
23. Divide up.
25. This doesn't go far.
28. Sound deposits.
30. Words to sell.
31. Finals.
32. Wind up.
33. The fashion in slang.
35. Southern state.
36. Emerald Isle.
37. A flapper.
38. Lays of spring.
40. Migration into the wilderness.
42. All right.
44. Noble or heroic.
46. A kind of scholastic bachelor.
50. Room for experiments.
51. General directions.
52. A commencement board.
53. Short coupler.
54. Rapidly.
55. This is hard on everybody.
56. Fancy climate.
58. One of the Greek letters.
59. Good or bad, it's hard to break.
60. Oil comes from this ground.
61. Walked through the water.
63. Tall timber.
65. Light airy stuff to illuminate.
67. Wheat head.
69. Regret.
71. New England.
73. Two thirds of men's underwear.

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LETTERS

DEAR LIFE: I disagree with your columns—often and plenty. But I do admire your bold exposure of such companies as the Irving-Vance Company of Toronto. I'd appreciate your slant on the Menhenitt Co., Ltd. Same racket, I believe.* You do much good in exposing companies that prey on the unemployed. More power to you! . . .

—Dale J. Harper
Fairfield, Ia.

Dear LIFE: LIFE is over fifty years old, and still leads in the comic magazine field. Most of the cheap magazines that sprouted up on a wave recently are now dead. . . .

—Wm. Barta,
St. Louis, Mo.

SHOP TALK

LIFE has an offspring! It's called UNIVERSITY and it went on sale the first of this month. Dedicated to the college field and edited by LIFE's editors, we naturally think it's a pretty swell magazine. . . . RUSSELL PATTERSON'S hobby is building minia-

*Correct. Our investigation showed Menhenitt Ltd. to be exactly the same racket.—Ed.

SUCH IS LIFE!

ture stage sets. He has done them for two Broadway shows and has just completed designs for this year's Illustrators' Show.

STORY

ON an occasion of great stress recently a housewife of our acquaintance rushed to the phone, dialed the operator, and asked for the Charles Street Police Station.

"Have you a dial telephone?" asked the operator.

"Yes, but—"

"You will have to dial the number you wish."

"But I'm in a hurry! Someone's just thrown a bottle through my front window! I want the Charles Street Station."

"You will have to di-uhl the number you wish," was the calm singsong reply.

She fought two more rounds with the operator, but lost the decision, and looked up the number, with the result that the raiders—a gang of boys from around the waterside docks—were back over the border before the cop put in an appearance. The next day she called the supervisor to complain. The supervisor was intensely sympathetic. "But," she said, "the operator was right not to give you the police station under those circumstances. What you should have said was: 'I want a policeman.'"



And here's Marge (Marjorie Henderson) who writes "From Me to You" and draws comical pictures. You'd never guess it, but the dog's name is Noodles. Marge says her hobby is eating, and she lives in Frazer, Pa. (Kindly send love letters direct.)